In fruitful grows and barren planes
The empty shall drink and the drunk shall be empty
What passion is this that tears the sky with storms of blood
And black flames
This is the sphere of ecstasy and love – Christos Beest

By Drako.

Roland Cowert in the bland grips of boredom and fatigue flipped through the smut magazine while he took long drags from his Pall Mall cigarette. He was standing behind the counter by the cash register while he worked the graveyard shift at the triple x adult video and bookstore The Serpent's Tongue. The Serpent's Tongue was his store and was located in the seedy heart of Belgium's red light district. The porn store was a one-story building that was about the size of a classroom, although the cluttered walls were packed to the gills with adult VHS tapes, pornography magazines and erotica literature covering many different sordid genres and fetishes. Also, a large variety of sex toys such as dildos, vibrators and synthetic vaginas also known as flesh lights were available inside the glass counters near the cash register. Only men were allowed in the shadowy degenerate concrete enclave known as the arcade. It was against the law to give a woman a ticket

to the arcade because of the fear of prostitution and all the illegal complications that come with the crime. Prostitution was legal in this area but it was illegal for Roland to profit from it as a store owner so prostitution was prohibited from his shop. It was extremely rare to have a female customer in the store so that was not a problem. Once in a blue moon a woman would accompany her boyfriend into the store and the denizens of depravity in The Serpent’s Tongue would either stare at her in utter disbelief like she belonged to some strange alien species or stare at her like she was a piece of raw red meat and they were rabid hungry dogs looking for a meal. That type of unwanted attention usually resulted in a short visit from the couple and a quick escape out of the exit door. In the back of the building separated from the rest of the store was an adult arcade which consisted of ten small porn theaters divided by half-walls that had one television screen installed into a wall along with two bright digital buttons used to switch the featured adult film. A ticket had to be requested and purchased for a customer to be allowed into the arcade. Before working in this porn store Roland did not have a problem with gay people, most likely because at that time he was fortunate enough to have had very little contact with them. Working in this store had quickly changed his opinion for the worse about gays. Night after night he had to hear the vile animalistic and debauched sounds coming out of the arcade, and then he had to clean up after whatever abominations had taken place back there in that befouled place. This was a rancid activity that always made Roland want to vomit and

quickly made him abhor homosexuals and their sick lifestyles. He hated queers; they spread disease and general degeneracy, profligacy and filth wherever they went. What type of demented freak would favor a man's disgusting sewage hole to a woman's exquisite pink flower? You had to be seriously deranged and mentally ill to choose the former. Once a week Roland would have to complete the dreaded task of cleaning the befouled arcade, to do this he would put on a thick plastic suit, heavy rubber gloves and a gas mask. He looked like a sad and perverted parody of an astronaut. Instead of going on a transcendent mission into the heavenly stars his destiny and destination was the lowest and most debased realm of man. Roland would begrudgingly venture into the radioactive cesspool of the arcade with a big bottle of bleach and a mop inside a bucket of hot water to clean up used tissues, used condoms, condom wrappers and semen stains. It was not abnormal for him to find used syringes and dirty needles to throw into the garbage. That was the other thing about these damn queers; most of them were hopeless and worthless drug addicts. It was a slow night with very few customers so Roland chain-smoked and attempted to work up a sexual appetite by looking at the most hardcore sado-masochistic/extreme bondage magazines his store currently had in stock. The naked women on the pages with large fake breasts had black socks stuffed in their mouths which were secured with black ball gags attached to a leather belt. The women with their wrists trapped in metal manacles were chained to a dungeon wall and were in the process of being beaten black and blue by two

anonymous tormentors wielding spiked wooden paddles. Dark mascara running down their cheeks, tears in their eyes and mock looks of fear and desperation in their faces, the abuse and torture almost looked real, but not quite. Roland knew the difference between real and fake sadistic sexual cruelty. In fact he prided himself on being something of an expert on the matter. This was not real sexual assault and torture. These were simply good actresses and paid whores, they were not real kidnap victims and the muscular and heavily tattooed men in the brown pantyhose masks roughing them up were not deranged rapists and violent criminals. The fake make-believe stuff could never overwhelm him with lust and ecstasy and grant him an erection as hard as steel as the real stuff could but for now he would have to try to be contented with what was currently available to him. An almost impossible task it seemed he thought to himself. His longtime black market supplier of illegal cherished goods recently had the misfortune of having his home raided by the police. They found their way into a hidden large vault and came across a mountain of damning evidence and illegal recorded material. His supplier would most likely spend the rest of his life in prison. Roland saw him on the television on the local news this morning in handcuffs being put into the back of a law enforcement cruiser. Oh how the mighty have fallen. That guy was king of hardcore underground film distribution in Belgium. Now some new criminal kingpin would have to fill the vacuum he had left. That could take months, it could take years. That meant Roland the paraphilia fiend was in a desperate and dreary position and his situation was

bleak. He needed his fix and he needed his fix soon. It had been nearly three weeks since he had been able to quench his carnal lust by viewing some new material. The addiction seemed not only psychological in nature but it seemed to have become a clawing physical need, a ravenous and terrible hunger that screamed from deep within and demanded to be filled like a selfish and greedy tyrant. In the early morning hours fueled by nicotine and caffeine from large amounts of coffee he would log onto his computer and comb through the digital criminal underbelly of the dark web in an attempt to find sellers of his precious and forbidden cinema. So far his efforts had been in vain and he cursed his bad luck. Oh well, he consoled himself in an effort to force a positive attitude in the midst of his bleak situation, fortune always favors the bold. Roland was wearing his usual style of dress, blue jeans and a black wife beater along with a pair of well-weathered brown work boots. Roland was tall and lanky with an almost emaciated frame. He was not a big fan of food, in fact most of the time he found eating to be an annoying and unpleasant chore. Also, his chain-smoking habit and caffeine addiction definitely did a lot to kill his appetite. He stood six feet two inches tall and weighed one hundred and fifty five pounds. He was badly balding but had some light brown strands of bangs remaining which he slathered down with gel, slicking it down to the right of his head. Roland was forty two years old but looked about a decade older due to the aging effects of cigarette smoke and his bad case of insomnia. Roland had a fair complexion but with a deeply pockmarked face full of acne scars. The pockmarks looked like craters

on the pale flesh moon which was his face. He had gold rimmed glasses with extremely thick lenses due to his poor vision. He was totally blind in his left eye due to trauma sustained to the area in his childhood. Roland's eyes were a pale misty blue, his left iris was fragmented and scattered across his white eyeball, looking like the aftermath of an explosion of a small celestial planet. The story of his uniquely annihilated iris goes back to when he was a child of nine living in the state of Kansas. One summer afternoon he had borrowed his brother Kevin's bicycle without asking for permission. Roland rapidly pedaled down the road taking pleasure in the warmth of the sunshine on his face and enjoying the thrill of the high-speed he was travelling. He then decided to pull into a wheat-field; he decided to place his brother's bicycle down while he explored an old lighthouse in the distance. Roland could have sworn he was gone for only ten minutes but when he returned his brother's bike was gone. He panicked and frantically searched all around the wheat-field but the bike was nowhere to be found. He knew he would be in a lot of trouble but worse than that he felt extremely guilty for losing his brothers bicycle. Roland walked home under a grey cloud of guilt and shame. When he got home as soon as he opened the front door he burst into tears and confessed his crime to his mother. She was deeply disappointed in him but seemed to take some pity on him as well. His mother told him to go tell his brother that he had lost his bicycle, so mustering up all his courage he knocked on his brother's door to confess his sin to his sibling. His brother didn't answer after eight knocks so he just opened the door, his seventeen

year old brother was on his knees wearing nothing but his underwear, covered in sweat he was hectically constructing some sort of wooden crucifix adorned with blood covered razorblades. While he was sticking the razorblades into the splintering wood of the crucifix he was frantically whispering to himself. Words distorted by winces of pain and labored breathing, words too low in volume for Roland to understand but they sounded kind of like sorrowful prayers. Kevin seemed to be locked in a trance of some type, focused on his bizarre task with a religious fervor, totally unaware to the rest of the world around him. Roland noticed about half a dozen deep lacerations on his brothers bleeding chest. Roland now in a state of shock, confusion and fear slowly and quietly closed the door so as to not alert his brother. He was too afraid to tell him now, he would tell him later. A few hours later my brother was sitting under a tree in our backyard reading a book. Roland told him that he had accidentally lost his bike and then told him how sorry he was for that fact. His brother's response to this was much better than what he thought it would be, so much so that he was very surprised at how well he took the news. Kevin simply shrugged and smiled and then said, "It is no big deal Roland, I have a lot of money saved up anyway so I'll just buy a new one, I'll tell you what you just do my chores next week like washing the dishes and mowing the lawn and then we will call it even deal?"

"No problem Kevin!" Roland said with a sigh of relief.

Roland went to sleep that night feeling like a massive burden had been lifted

off his chest, he felt like he had a clean conscience. So he listened to the pouring rain outside his window and slept like a baby that night, having pleasant dreams until he was rudely awakened. Someone was violently shaking him back and forth with their strong hands on his tender and aching shoulders. Roland blinked rapidly in a frightened stupor and finally the blurry apparition standing above his bed formed into a solid male figure, it was his brother wearing all black with his hair neatly combed and parted in the middle like he was going to a funeral. Kevin was wearing a priest's collar. He was holding his razorblade crucifix in one hand and pressing it against me so hard the blades started to scratch and tear at the flesh of my forehead. He had the holy bible in the other hand. He shoved the bible into Roland's chest.

"Open to this verse and passage and read it my younger brother, do as I say now!" He demanded in an authoritative scream.

So trembling and whimpering I did as I was told, after I finished reading the bible passage I saw my brother reaching into his pocket.

I closed the bible and began to hand it to my brother when for a brief moment I saw something flashing in his clenched fist. Kevin raised a fork above his head and then with a mighty downward swing he plunged the fork into my eye socket. I immediately began to thrash around my bed in blinding agony; it felt like my brain was on fire. My consciousness felt like it was torn asunder by some hellish claw. I fell out of my bed and started to claw at the hardwood floor in a futile attempt to crawl away from the searing pain which

dominated my whole existence. With my single eye that still retained vision, I saw a pool of dark crimson blood staining my shaking hands. Fortunately, due to the extreme shock to my system and massive overload of trauma, I lost consciousness somewhere around this point. Later that day after my parents had rushed me to the hospital after seeing my injuries; they found the corpse of our mutilated house cat hanging from a rope in the garage. The cat had been eviscerated with a switchblade and its wet stinking entrails had spilled out below its hanging corpse. My brother had never shown signs of mental disturbances or being prone to violent behavior before. His schizophrenia came out of nowhere and hit him like a freight train, shocking the hell out of everyone who knew him. That mental illness stole my brother's soul, destroyed his life and robbed him of his very free will and existence. It devastated my parents emotionally to have to send him to a mental hospital but after that gruesome night everyone knew that he was extremely unstable and dangerous. He needed medication and to be housed in a safe environment where he couldn't hurt anyone else. I remember visiting him in the insane asylum and trying and failing to communicate with him normally while he was heavily drugged up, drooling and chattering to himself incomprehensibly while restrained in a strait jacket. My brother never got better, his condition just grew worse by the day and his behavior became more erratic and agitated. One day we got a phone call to find out my brother had somehow gotten his hands on a large and sharp piece of broken glass and butchered two nurses to death before committing suicide by

slashing his own throat. Living in such a small town the infamous story of my psychotic and homicidal brother gained the status of a monstrous legend and he became a local bogeyman to haunt the dreams of children. My whole family including me was consumed with grief by this tragedy. None of us were ever able to accept the unexplainable cruelty that stole Kevin from us. My parents both had mental breakdowns and became even more strict and religious than ever before. My father and mother grew bitter and started to drift apart from each other until they didn't even sleep in the same room at night anymore. They frequently got angry at each other over trivial things and would scream at one another for hours on end. The household environment became unbearably oppressive and suffocating. They developed a severely sadistic and masochistic dedication to their religion and a fanatical devotion to their Jehovah's Witness faith. I was forbidden to celebrate any holidays or my own birthdays, I was prohibited from taking part in the festivities of my peers and I was barred from taking part in politics or joining the military. I was so sheltered and controlled by my parents that I became painfully socially awkward and hopelessly introverted. I grew to hate my religion because my parents used it against me like a corrective whip whenever I made an error or mistake in life. My favorite pastime was watching neighborhood girls engaged in outdoor activities from my window with my binoculars. Sometimes I would simply appreciate their beauty from afar and other times I would masturbate. When I was in my early teens I became the creeping peeping Tom of my neighborhood and I was a damn

good one at that seeing as how I never got caught. I stealthily and discreetly pleasured myself while hidden in the shadows and watching women of all ages undress in their bedrooms at night; throughout the years of my lewd spying I even witnessed a few girls using vibrators on themselves and a few couples having romantic and or rough sex. The thrill of voyeurism was amazing and I couldn't get enough of the rush it provided. A drunken man wearing a filthy suit stumbled into the store, breaking Roland out of the stupor of his own thoughts.

"Hello Sir, let me know if I can help you with anything", said Roland to the customer.

The man grunted and mumbled something incomprehensible before walking to the other side of the store where he began to browse through some dirty magazines. A rather rotund Mexican man entered the store, he was barely much taller than a dwarf and he used a small black cane to help him walk. The spic with his greasy moustache walked up to the counter and locked eyes with Roland giving him an intense look which was hard to decipher. The spic had beads of sweat forming on his swarthy face. He looked nervous and slightly afraid Roland realized.

"Ehh I'm looking for ehh do you have any kid stuff?" The little Mexican asked.

"Excuse me?" Roland said.

"Children…do you have any tapes with children?" Asked the Mexican.

"Absolutely not you disgusting pervert! I have no idea what in the hell you

are talking about” Roland said in mock moral outrage while raising the volume of his voice significantly.

“Oh come on man, my friend told me I could get some at this place!” whined and pleaded the fat little Mexican.

Roland knelt down for a moment to remove a collapsible black police baton out of a wooden cabinet that housed multiple weapons for defense of the store. He stood up and with a mighty flick of his wrist extended the metallic police baton, the weapon made a threatening click as its length came into full striking power.

“Get the hell out of my store!” Roland barked at the fat Mexican.

Roland expected the man to accept defeat and exit quickly with his tail in between his legs, but the man remained glued to the spot he was standing. The fat Mexican appeared to be chewing on his tongue with an angry look on his face, giving Roland the evil eye. That act of disrespect ignited the ire of Roland. This troglodyte was disobeying his direct orders! The unbelievable nerve of this fool, he would have to pay for his insolence. This was my goddamn store and my word was law. Who the hell did this little fat dwarf spic think he was?

“You have ten seconds to leave the goddamn store you little cunt, before I really get angry!” shouted Roland while tapping the baton on the glass counter as he counted down the moments until the command was violated. The Mexican dwarf turned his back as if to leave the store and then rapidly turned around and began waving around his wooden walking cane like a

lunatic. Stunned and shocked by the sudden flurry of attacks Roland took a step back to avoid an aggressive jab of the Mexicans cane, but a follow up thrust of the cane caught him in the throat. Roland spluttered and choked, spitting up some bile onto the carpet as he stumbled backwards and tripped, falling on his ass and bruising his tailbone. The drunkard in the filthy suit looking at the porn magazines began to laugh hysterically. The Mexican dwarf was attempting to get behind the counter as Roland forced himself to his feet despite the throbbing pain in his tailbone. As soon as Roland was upright the long wooden cane smacked him hard in the chest, but the strike didn't hurt much thankfully. The Mexican swung the cane again and this time aimed it at Roland's face but Roland was ready to defend himself. With his left hand he grabbed the wooden cane, getting a strong grip on it and with all of his strength yanked it out of the Mexican's hands. The Mexican began screaming insults and obscenities and grasping desperately trying to retrieve his lost cane. Roland tossed the cane into the weapon cabinet and then turned back to the fat Mexican, ready for some revenge. In a ferocious horizontal arc Roland swung the metallic baton and it connected with the nose of the Mexican. Roland swung the weapon again and once again it whacked the dwarf Mexican right in the nose. The fat Mexican was now on the receiving end of a physical assault, his nose swelling and turning purple he yelped in pain and began a fast waddle out of the porn store. Roland not done with punishing his enemy quite yet chased the troublesome spic down and whacked him on the back of the head once with the baton before the

Mexican reached the exit door and wandered off into the cold misty night while groaning and cursing under his breath.

“Don’t ever come back here again or I’ll kill you, yah little spic!” Roland screamed into the night towards the retreating foe. The Mexican dwarf didn’t immediately give the password and that meant he was not trustworthy. Roland wondered who was treacherous and idiotic enough to reveal the secrets of this store to such lowlife garbage. Loose lips sink ships and that type of reckless gossip could be the death of him. Do not cast pearls before swine was his holy mantra and his sensible motto. Subhuman scum like him does not deserve to experience the sublime pleasures of the Secret Lolita collection. Only the elite inner circle were worthy of the high-art of forbidden flesh cinema. Roland’s favorite weapon in the armory cabinet was his prized Austrian World War One Trench Mace; the mace looked like a spiked medieval weapon, like something straight out of dungeons and dragons. Roland had acquired this killing tool through less than legal means. In his more grim and morbid moments he would weigh the lethal weapon in his hand and would wonder what it would be like to brutally bury the vicious trench-mace into a human skull. He wondered what that sort of total power would feel like, to be a merciless death-dealer and a vanquisher of life.

Chapter Two: The Dread Circle of the Black Ram

Roland home from work, got back on his computer that night and after much searching found a seller of the good stuff on the dark web and set up a time

and a place for a meeting. There was an ominous storm brewing outside, the clouds growing increasingly darker and blacker, promising heavy rain. Thunder rumbled in the distance and brilliant flashes of lightning danced across the sky. Roland donned a thick and warm red plaid coat before he lit a cigarette. Then Roland pulled his feet into a pair of brown hiking boots. Roland tied his boot strings while blowing out a cloud of smoke. His pulse quickened with the excitement brought on by the mission at hand. He licked his lips in anticipation of some new quality child pornography. His excitement was equally matched by his fear. Was this mysterious stranger dangerous? The meeting place was extremely clandestine which Roland could understand because of the criminal nature of their activities but it was unknown territory to him which made him feel more vulnerable. He wasn't wise to the best escape routes if the situation went south. This was a risk he was willing to take though, he needed a new connection and a new supplier, the only other option, going without his drug of choice for any longer, was simply unacceptable to him. Roland grabbed his red suitcase full of cash and then he was ready to begin his journey to the desired destination. He exited the front door of his modest home and was on his giddy and nervous way to the big score. Heavy rain had begun to pour as he continued his solitary walk along the city streets into the red light district and beyond. It was one o'clock in the morning and the streets were mostly deserted apart from the occasional soaked and scantily clad prostitute leaning through the passenger window of a vehicle and propositioning men for sex. Roland would also

occasionally pass by young lovers drinking liquor and passionately French kissing in the shadow of a large tree. The sight brought with it intense and warm feelings of longing and nostalgia that made him mourn the passing of his wasted youth. The warm nostalgia was transfigured into a deep feeling of loss and sadness. How is it possible to have nostalgia for something you never experienced? The affectionate touch of a woman is something he had never felt. How is it possible to mourn the loss of something you never had? The love of a woman is something he had never experienced. Fortunately, the feelings vanished like a ghost after a few minutes of uncomfortable yearning and angst, he continued on his way, determined to get his hands on his beloved treasure. The destination was in sight, a large concrete tunnel below a massive bridge. All he had to do now was cross the train tracks, climb over a chain link fence, descend a grassy hill and enter the tunnel. Roland entered the gloomy tunnel and at first it looked deserted and he thought he was alone. The first thing he noticed was a stringy spiral image that was drawn crudely in blue spray-paint on the concrete ceiling of the tunnel. His eyes transfixed into the whirlpool epicenter of the spiral resulted in a brief optical illusion that made Roland feel slightly dizzy and disoriented for a moment. Roland being a veteran of both the voyeuristic underground and of the libertine lifestyle was familiar with the transgressive and criminal symbol, it was the pedophilia spiral. Then he saw a man walk out of the shadows and when he saw him Roland’s heart began to palpitate, for his appearance was shocking and more than a bit frightening. He was muscular

and vascular with big bulging biceps and he was heavily tattooed. His pale flesh was covered in occult symbolism, esoteric designs and foul depictions of hideous monsters and evil demons. He had an inverted pentagram tattooed on the right side of his neck and superimposed over the inverted pentagram was a black ram with soulless obsidian eyes. The man also had soulless black eyes like dreadful wormholes; he was wearing some type of disturbing contact lenses which resulted in total darkness covering the whites of his eyes and making him look as though he were demonically possessed. The mysterious stranger had a shaved head and a spider web tattoo inked across his shaved skull. He was wearing a black bullet- proof vest, leather fingerless motorcycle gloves, woodland camouflage army pants and black military combat boots. The man looked like he was ready for war, a Satanic black mass, a Pagan human sacrifice or all three at once. Flanking the man and standing about twelve feet back in the thick shadows of the tunnel were two other men that looked almost identical to the guy in both physical appearance and paramilitary wardrobe. One of the paramilitary cultists was holding a behemoth black German shepherd on a leash. The large canine was wearing a spiked leather collar and was sitting calmly, slowly panting with its meaty pink tongue hanging out of its mouth staring straight into Roland’s eyes. The dog had deep cataracts afflicting both of its eyes but it didn’t seem to be blind as it stared at Roland with what seemed to be keen visual awareness. More frighteningly it seemed like the intimidating canine was eyeing him like a hunting predator eyed its prey

before moving in for the kill. Roland felt a shocking chill of terror run down his spine, his adrenaline pumping as his fight or flight mechanism was triggered.

“May I have a cigarette?” asked the leader of the paramilitary cultists.

“Yes, of course!” Roland said, fumbling for his pack of Pall Malls in his coat pocket. He gave the smoke to the enigmatic stranger.

“Thank you, Comrade” said the stranger, “I don’t have very many vices nowadays as I am a believer in virtue, I enjoy the occasional death stick like this and I like to rape and murder beautiful women once or twice a week, but that is it, I shun the bestial and the carnal in favor of the superior ascetic ascendancy”

Roland was confused and also a bit afraid and he didn’t know what to do and how to respond to this odd statement so he simply answered with an awkward laugh.

“Ah, don’t worry about it my new friend, I was only joking with you, the worst crime I have ever committed is that time I stole a comic book in the sixth grade, that is my only mortal sin with Almighty God as my witness, I swear on my mother’s grave”

Roland once again impulsively laughed awkwardly and quickly he mentally kicked himself for his stupidity.

“What is wrong friend? Cat got your tongue? We don’t bite, in fact we are bound to be the friendliest people you have ever met in your goddamn miserable life and I say that with all due respect of course, We are all

travellers down the same fell path, we are a higher species than the mundane herd of humanity, you are superior to the lowly dross of this planet even if you don’t know it yet, give me your hand comrade!”

Suddenly Roland’s hand was in the strong grip of the stranger but Roland did not remember making the choice or putting the conscious effort into raising his hand and surrendering it to the stranger.

“How the hell did you do that?” Roland asked in frightened astonishment.

“Oh so you can talk?” said the stranger, “This is good news and it will make it much quicker and easier to communicate with each other, I mean if you were mute, I could teach you the extraterrestrial art of telepathy but right now I don’t think either one of us has time for that”

“Do you have the films?” Roland asked, desperately wanting this nightmare to end, “I’ve got the cash I promised in this red suitcase right here”

“Don’t worry my friend we will get to that, but the night is still young and we have other things to do first”, the stranger said, “Tell me my new friend what is your name? If you tell me your name I will tell you mine”

“Conrad”, Roland lied nervously.

The enigmatic stranger took off one of his fingerless leather gloves and let it fall to the ground. He obtained a wickedly curved and sharpened ritual dagger from his pants pocket, the ritual dagger had an ivory marble hilt and astrological symbols branded onto the blade. He sliced his right palm open without making a visible wince of pain before slashing Roland’s right palm open. His hand bleeding profusely, the man took Roland’s slashed hand in

his and gripped their bloody wounds together in triumphant glee. Roland watched their blood fuse together in their freshly opened wounds in abject horror, wanting to cry and scream for help but instinctively he knew that was a bad idea, so he decided against that course of action. The big black German shepherd stood on all fours and bared its teeth, starting a low guttural growl while strands of saliva fell from the canine's jowls.

"What the hell are you doing?" Roland asked, "Are you a fucking psychopath or something? You could have just given me a disease!"

Still holding onto Roland's bleeding hand with an iron death grip, the paramilitary cultist leader smiled mischievously like an imp.

"It hurts my feelings and is highly insulting to me that you would question my mental health, you just met me and barely know me, yet you make such harsh and critical judgments? Shame on you!" He said.

"Are you going to kill me?" Roland asked.

"Now that is just downright absurd, where did you get such an asinine idea? We have just become sacred blood brothers, killing you would be a waste of fresh meat comrade" The stranger said.

The enigmatic stranger finally let go of Roland's wounded hand.

"It is merely a flesh wound it will be fine, just make sure to pour some vodka on it and run it under hot water when you get home, and don't worry I don't have aids or anything like that, I am not some type of faggot" The terrifying stranger said grinning maniacally.

"What was that?" asked Roland, "Some type of initiation ritual or

something?”

“That is very astute of you Roland, that is exactly what that was, you are now a lifelong member of The Dread Circle of the Black Ram, which is a Belgian nexion of the Order of the Nine Angles” said the stranger.

“What the hell?” asked Roland, “How the hell did you know my name? I didn’t agree to join a damn satanic cult, I was just here to buy some films!”

“Many secrets and much knowledge is transmitted through the mystical qualities of the blood” said the stranger, “Also why do you have to use the word cult? That word has such a negative connotation and I would prefer if you stopped using it, think of our loving kindred as more of a self-help philosophy collective or group therapy, nah just kidding fuck it you are right, we are definitely a cult, but if it helps you out at all think of it like this, a cult is just a religion with less members”

Roland felt like he was being held hostage in this dark tunnel in the middle of nowhere by this sadistic freak and his dead-eyed bodyguards, he was scared and frustrated so he verbally lashed out but immediately regretted it, fearing for his safety and well-being.

“I was born and raised in a Jehovah’s Witness household and family, I am sick and tired of cults and religions, they are just the fantasies of madmen and the fever dreams of megalomaniacal lunatics” Roland said.

“So you are an atheist” You don’t believe in magic or the supernatural?” asked the stranger.

“Yes, correct I don’t have time for stone age fairy tales” said Roland.

“Alright well let me bum one more of those cigarettes and I will show you a little trick” said the stranger.

Roland handed the paramilitary cultist leader a cigarette. The enigmatic stranger dropped the cigarette so it fell on top of one of his boots. He let a couple drops of blood fall onto the cigarette staining the paper red, and then he let a strand of saliva fall from his lips onto the cigarette. Closing his eyes and seeming to concentrate for a few moments he then used his pointer finger to draw a sigil in the air. Once he was done tracing the esoteric pattern the sigil began to burn, the flames making the invisible sigil come to brilliant life for about ten seconds before the flaming sigil burst into ash like some magical firework. Roland was mystified and awestruck still staring dumbfounded at the falling ash when he saw the enigmatic stranger pointing downwards at his own boot. Roland looked down at the strangers boot and instead of a cigarette stained with blood and saliva there was a living and breathing psychedelic fat blue toad covered in warts.

The stranger smirked at the look of absolute bewilderment on Roland’s face.

“Well, just like that you are not an atheist anymore, you are welcome my friend” said the stranger.

“How did you do that?” asked Roland.

“Well you know what they say, a good magician never reveals his secrets” the stranger said.

“Okay fair enough”, Roland said, still scratching his head in confusion.

“Well Roland I think I have made you suffer enough for one night and you

have been a good sport so I thank you for that, so onto our business arrangement, you really want this delicious cheese pizza don't you?" said the thaumaturge.

"Yes, I do" Roland said.

The paramilitary cult leader took the red suitcase full of cash from Roland and then handed Roland a military duffel bag full of circular spools of black tape. The duffel bag was surprisingly heavy, most likely weighing at least thirty pounds. It will be cumbersome exercise getting back home but the positive is that means a boatload of footage to enjoy, and that meant he didn't have to worry about cravings and withdrawals for a long time, maybe tonight wasn't such a disaster after all Roland thought.

"Thank you", Roland said to the stranger.

"You bet" the enigmatic stranger said, "You enjoy the films, there are some definite masterpieces in there my friend, I think you will agree"

Roland turned around and begin to slowly walk away from the shadowy concrete tunnel and all the surreal events that had occurred there. He felt self-conscious with the eyes of the occult soldiers on him, like they were hot lasers burning into his back. Roland got about thirty feet away from the tunnel before his fears came true and he heard the voice of the psychopathic warlock call out to him.

"Hey!" called the magician, "Don't you want to know my name?"

Roland turned around and was filled with fright when he saw the cult leader was standing only a few inches from his face, he could feel the magician's

icy cold breath on his face which chilled him to the bone even more.

“My name is Vasaggo, I have a feeling we will be seeing each other soon comrade, until then enjoy the films”

The warlock turned around and swiftly marched off into the grassy hills with his two occult soldiers. He could hear their mischievous laughter echoing through the concrete tunnel as they walked away and disappeared into the foggy night. Roland let out a sigh of relief, thankful to still be alive and even more thankful to have the child pornography films finally in his possession. As dawn was rising and the early birds began to chirp and sing, he hurried home, licking his lips with the type of excitement that only comes from the anticipation of a grave and deadly sin.

Chapter 3: Home Movies

Roland arrived home and immediately descended into his dank and dim basement where he had covered all the windows with black plastic garbage bags taped down to the glass. This was of course to prevent all obtrusive and unwanted light from coming into his personal theater. He grabbed some children’s fairy tale Disney movie and took the VHS tape out of its case. He then disassembled the back of the VHS tape and removed the two circular spools of tape replacing them with two spools of black tape he grabbed out of his recently acquired duffel bag. Roland configured the VHS tape back together and stuck it into his television. He grabbed the remote and hit the power button on his television and then hit the play button and the screen flashed to life. The moving image on the screen showed a girl of about ten

or eleven on a playground under a brightly shining sun. She was laughing and smiling while sliding down a slide, laughing and smiling while swinging on the swing- set. She had long brown hair which was put into a ponytail. She had lovely emerald green eyes. Her smile was adorable. The mad behind the video camera, most likely her father it seemed, was joking and chatting with her playfully. Occasionally he would call her by the name Alex, presumably short for Alexia or Alexandra. Roland smiled what a blessing it would be to have a daughter he thought.

Especially one as pretty and as lovely as this little girl he was watching now. The tape cut out, going grey and lifeless for a few short moments before returning to a dramatically different scene. Aggressively militant and darkly abrasive industrial music was blaring at high volume, heavy drum machines crushing out grimy beats. The film showed a barren desert at night, the darkness of the desolate desert illuminated by a blazing campfire. A couple of weathered and dirty red pick-up trucks were visible in the scene and Roland assumed that was where the loud music was coming from. There were four white men standing in a crude semicircle around the flames of the campfire, they were wearing black BDU pants and army jungle boots. The rough-looking men were smoking cigars and their faces were masked by grey dancing static, the men were standing above a little naked white girl who was sitting on her bare bottom against the dead weeds of the desert floor and with her little hands planted in the dirt. She was sobbing uncontrollably and her cute pale little face was stained with tears, snot and

grime. She had a filthy and stained white blindfold wrapped around her head that looked like it was made from a ripped up dirty wife-beater. She looked helpless, vulnerable and totally abused and exploited. The little girl in the snuff film was Alex. One of the men kicked up a small dust storm with his jungle boot and a vast majority of the dirt landed all over the little girl's naked body. She made a surprised helpless sounding shriek. The man reached out with his hairy forearm and grabbed a handful of the girl's silky black hair. With a fist closed tightly around her hair he violently yanked her forward until she was on her knees. Her tormentor then blew a large cloud of cigar smoke right into the child's face, causing her to cough and sputter before he looked into her mouth and spit directly into the back of her throat. The brute then forced the small girl over his knee and proceeded to violently spank her butt, every crashing blow of his open palm got swifter and stronger. Within a minute the little girl's bottom was extremely bruised and also grew red as a lobster with pain and irritation. The little girl screamed and cried hysterically but she struggled in vain because no one heard her pleas for help and no one came to her rescue. She was all alone in the middle of nowhere with these sadistic men, a helpless victim to their sick passions and a powerless target of their perverted cruelty. Her abuser then shoved her down onto her back; she fell roughly into the sand and rubble of the desert ground. The brutish abuser wrapped his meaty hand around the little girl's fragile neck and he began to brutally rape her while choking her. Her hymen almost immediately exploded as he popped her cherry with his

crude thrusts and rivulets of blood begin to pour from her wounded little flower. Her airway was constricted by his grip and her screams were silenced by the strangulation. The barbaric man then let go of her throat momentarily to let her get some oxygen into her burning lungs, he did not want to kill her yet it seemed. While he continued to savagely thrust into the female child, his friends around the campfire poured beer on the girls face and into her mouth while she was forcefully ravaged. They continued to pour alcoholic liquid into her mouth while she was raped and they laughed like a pack of demented human hyenas at the little girl's defilement and humiliation. Roland was extremely aroused; literally salivating from the intense sexual stimulation he derived from the obscene film, he could feel his hard penis turning into a raging erection that seemed to threaten to rip out of his jeans. This was high-quality material right here! Five out of five stars, two thumbs way up. Roland had not even reached down to masturbate yet, he hadn't even touched his cock yet, but nonetheless he was actively struggling not to shoot his load. The film was only getting better and more delightfully perverse with every passing moment. It was without a doubt the most extreme child pornography he had ever seen. Vasaggo was not lying; he definitely delivered on his promise. The brutish rapist then tore off the small girls blindfold and he threw it aside. Lying on her back bruised, broken and violated, she looked up at him in horror, her emerald green eyes filled with sheer terror and raw desperation. She began to shiver and sob, but her abuser had no mercy.

“I’ve got something for you, you little bitch!” said the cruel abuser.

He grabbed her by the hair once again and smacked her hard across the face, before taking his large throbbing phallus into his right hand and stroking his cock fiercely and briefly before ejaculating all over the little girls pretty face. In reaction to the warm torrent of ejaculate the girl flinched and closed her eyes. Large lines of hot semen went into her mouth, splattered onto her cheeks and covered her eyelids.

“Alright boys, it is your turn for sloppy seconds” The brutish rapist said to his ravenous friends.

The other men descended like hungry wolves in heat onto their vulnerable prey and they all took turns molesting and raping the deflowered girl. One of the men put out a burning cigar over one of the girls miniscule breasts, branding her with a circular burn mark. Once they were done with their fiendish deeds the little girl was barely conscious on the desert floor, she looked drained of all vitality and her pale flesh was turning blue, like she was half-dead. The brutish abuser and leader of the criminal rapists dragged the poor little girl to her feet, forcing her to stand up and to find balance in her traumatized and dissociative state. She was falling deep down the rabbit hole. Her rapist and tormentor picked up a red plastic bucket full of gasoline and dumped most of its chemical liquid contents over her head, drenching her long black hair, and then he splashed the rest of the gasoline all over her naked and battered body. He raised his leg and unceremoniously planted his jungle boot squarely against her scrawny chest kicking her into the campfire.

She fell backwards into the burning timber and the scorching flames of the desert campfire and screamed as her flesh began to melt off her face. As she attempted to squirm away from the fire that consumed her body, her face grew even more ruined and charred until she was mutilated and mangled into something abhorrent and unrecognizable. The men cackled in depraved and malicious delight at the bitter fruits of their evil deeds. The brute grabbed his weapon and walked over to the edge of the campfire with his twelve-gauge shotgun in his hands and while she was withering into charred meat and ash, making inhuman shrieks of unfathomable pain, he pumped the shotgun and fired a steel slug into her head, obliterating her skull into fragments of bones and splattering her brains onto the ground. The killer blew out a fat cloud of cigar smoke as the phantom of death entered into the dark desert night and a shadowy wraith descended upon her corpse.

“We will leave the rest of her for the fire and the coyotes if they want to pick her bones clean” said the killer to his partners in crime. The television screen then slowly faded to black, a melancholy lullaby began to play as a blue pedophilia spiral filled the whole screen and swirled slowly in a hypnotic manner. Harsh and crude audio of a chainsaw revving up and a little girl screaming and crying sounded as the screen was filled with Gothic red letters dripping in blood that read, NO LIMITS EVIL! Roland was glued to his seat as he felt his heart stop for a moment and then speed up in frantic activity due to thrilled excitement, sexual stimulation, horror and disbelief. He wrestled with his tortured conscience about the depraved atrocity he had

just witnessed and how much he had thoroughly enjoyed every disturbing moment of the little girls ruination. He had witnessed dozens of scenes of molestation, sexual assault and even brutal rape of young girls in the past. He was strongly desensitized to the suffering of children due to sexual abuse and exploitation. He definitely did not suffer from a weak stomach or a faint heart but this was a whole new level of hardcore forbidden sin. This was a damned realm of infernal transgression he had not stepped into until this very night. He could feel a certain level of guilt rising up in his psyche but that moral stigma simply made him hornier and increased the intensity of his throbbing erection. The only thing he could think of is watching another NO LIMITS EVIL film, to hell with that small bothersome voice of shame in the back of his mind; it could be silenced with more stimulation. Roland went to grab the green army duffel bag, when he grabbed the bag and looked into it he was dumbfounded. Where did all the spools of tape go? They had all disappeared except for two and the rest of the duffel bag was filled with cigarette ash. What the hell was going on here? First Roland was confused and then he became angry at this bizarre situation. This was some type of cursed black magic trick to rip me off and cheat me out of my money he thought. That son of a bitch! Roland paced back and forth in his dim basement while he fumed and brainstormed on what to do in order to right this injustice. He imagined confronting Vasaggo and threatening him with violence, but the idea was comically absurd. Roland was no killer and he was dog shit in a fist-fight if he was honest with himself, but it was likely that

Vasaggo and his satanic buddies were no strangers to violent crime and homicide. He reluctantly accepted defeat and grabbed the last two spools of tape, disassembled another VHS tape and reassembled it, before shoving the tape into his television and pressing the play button on his remote. The image on the screen showed a completely naked blonde- haired, blue- eyed young girl of about the age of twelve or thirteen bound to a wooden chair with rope. She was bound by her wrists to the wooden chair and her ankles were bound to steel manacles attached to the tiles of the kitchen floor, this forced her milky legs to be spread open, exposing her little pink virgin slit. It appeared that the location of this scene was inside a cabin in the forest, as Roland could see the thick expanse of woods through the window that was located behind the captive girl. There was a large man wearing a pig mask and a black commando military sweater behind the blonde girl and he had a red noose wrapped around the child’s neck that he was pulling back with slight to medium force in order to choke the girl. He was cruelly toying with her like a sadistic predator. He increased the force of his pulling of the rope and two of the legs of the wooden chair were brought up off the tile kitchen floor and the chair began to lean backwards as the little princess was strangled. Her innocent and adorable face began to turn blue as she sputtered, coughed and made pathetic whining noises. Another man came into view; he was also wearing an ugly pig mask and was dressed identically to his partner in crime. The man reached out his hand towards the little girl’s uncorrupted garden of delights and began to rub his fingers up and down her

tender vulva. His swine-masked friend eased up on the rope pressure and allowed the child to breathe for the time being. The man kneeled in between the girls spread legs and began to stick his greedy tongue into the lovely mouth of the adolescent while increasing the speed and force that he rubbed his calloused and dirty fingers up and down her prepubescent vagina. Roland was fascinated and spellbound at what he was watching; he was immensely envious of these men in the sordid adventure he was now watching. He passionately craved the forbidden fruit that these two men were enjoying in this film. Worshipping at the profane altar of violated youth, the defilement of her innocence such a sinful and delicious quest, a higher ecstasy and divine liberty could not be imagined in a thousand years. She began to whimper and moan in what seemed to be a strange sensual hybrid of pleasure and pain. As the girls face was smeared with swine blood and little chunks of gore, Roland realized the men were not merely wearing Halloween masks but they were wearing actual dead animal flesh. They were grotesquely adorned with decapitated and hollowed out swine heads. The pig tongues had been crudely ripped out to form breathing holes and the eyes had been cut out in order to make vision through the death-masks possible. The kneeling man reached his hand over to the little girl’s bare chest and fondled her small barely developed breasts as he continued to stick his tongue down her throat. The pig man with the rope began to pull again until the girls face strained in agony and the wooden chair was leaning backwards once more. The kneeling pig man pulled out his hard and throbbing meaty

cock and began to rub his shaft and penis head against the small girl's vagina. The noose tightened around her fragile neck as she was strangled harder than ever before, her face began to turn blue and then purple as she was robbed of oxygen and her brilliant and crystalline blue eyes began to roll up in the back of her head. The demented pig man between her spread legs took this moment to grab her by the throat and placed his large erect penis against her maiden flower with the intention of thoroughly dominating and destroying it. Thrusting upward with brute force he went to work on forcefully desecrating and despoiling the little brat. Using his rock hard manhood like an aggressive weapon of war and a violently penetrating missile, he broke her hymen into pieces and popped her cherry. As she bled away her innocent virginity as well as other feminine fluids that began to leak out of her crushed and brutalized vagina, the triumphant rapist wearing the decapitated pigs head continued to ravage her with abandon. Like a werewolf in heat he hammered and railed her again and again while issuing forth deep and barbaric moans of pleasure. The Pigman with the rope relinquished the pressure on his instrument of torture just as it seemed like the raped girl was about to lose consciousness. As she was struggling for breath, her proud rapist stood above her, grabbed her by one of her blonde pigtails, spit in her mouth, stroked his veiny penis enthusiastically and then blew his fat load all over her pretty little face. The pigman rapist painted her strained and coughing face with a thick puddle of semen. Having finished his orgasm and his marking of his property her swinish abuser left the scene for

a moment, returning with a gleaming weapon in his hand, the moonlight leaking in through the dark window of the cabin glinted off the wickedly sharp blade. It was a machete he was wielding and without warning he began to barbarically attack the little blonde girl bound to the wooden chair. Swinging his bladed weapon left and right with a feverish fury as if he were hacking through dense brush in the jungle, the blade flung torn flesh and gore all across the cabin during his frenzied massacre of the doomed child. Blood splattered against the tiles of the kitchen floor, the walls of the cabin and the dark window behind the now butchered girl were painted crimson red. The murderous pigman kept hacking away with the machete, putting a tremendous amount of strength and force into the swings of his sharp weapon. He severed both of her arms while she was still alive frantically crying and screaming as well as struggling against the rope, he then slashed her throat and cut out of her jugular. Soon after a few more barrages of vicious attacks with the machete, the poor little girl was nothing more than a mutilated carcass, a mangled skeleton decorated with gore. Many of her bones were even scarred and slashed with blade marks and her ribcage was pulverized and shattered into pieces. The killer pigman reached forward with a leather gloved hand and ripped a piece out of the lifeless skeleton and tossed the bone covered in shreds of carved up meat onto the hardwood floor of the living room of the cabin. A large wolfish creature with glazed over silver eyes stalked out of the gloom, licking its chops in eager anticipation of feasting upon the macabre treat. Roland’s heart grew cold and fearful as he

recognized the nightmarish animal. It was Fenrir, Vasaggo's loyal hellhound. Both of the killers in the cabin began to unmask themselves, removing the bloody decapitated swine heads and dropping them to the floor where they made sickening plopping sounds upon impact. Vasaggo and his silent brutish lackey approached the video camera with slight smirks of amusement on their pale faces that were smeared with viscera.

"Hello there Roland" Vasaggo said to the video camera, "How did you enjoy the show?"

Vasaggo went quiet for a few moments and stared expectantly and patiently into the camera lens as if expecting a response from Roland.

"My apologies for the disappearing act of the rest of the tape but I promise you there is no need to get angry or to despair my new friend because I have something much better in store for you than mere cinematic stimulation" Vasaggo and his psychotic slavish follower turned around briefly to watch Fenrir gnaw excitingly on the dead young girls rib.

"I have a feeling you have grown weary of watching others enjoy what you have so far only been able to fantasize about, envious of those you watch on the screen fulfilling the dark desires you wish you could fulfill and tasting the young flesh you wish you could taste for yourself" said the enigmatic warlock.

"Well I have great news for you Roland, I have acquired a young girl and she has your name written all over her soft virgin flesh, I just have a small favor to ask of you and then her life is yours to do with as you please" Vasaggo

said.

Roland was feeling an equal mixture of excitement and fear and with baited breath and clammy hands he stared into the screen in a frozen trance as he experienced a rush of adrenaline and heart palpitations.

“Go to Mother Mary’s Cathedral Nightclub at exactly midnight tomorrow night, descend to the bottom floor of the building and exit through the backdoor that leads into the narrow alleyway which serve as the smokers pit, if you see the anomalous red sigil spray-painted on the brick wall you will know that you are in the right place, knock on the sigil with your fist three times and say the secret words Eblis Tetragrammaton” Vasaggo informed him.

The screen then faded to black before the bleeding NO LIMITS EVIL logo appeared briefly. Roland still shocked and mystified by what he had just witnessed smoked a cigarette and took a moment to try to still his trembling hands and frayed nerves. He was in some serious deep water now he thought grimly. What in the hell had he gotten himself into? It was time to make a decision. Did he really want to go through with this insanity? If he met Vasaggo at the techno club it would be the point of no return. I would officially be a felonious criminal and a pedophile. I could lose my job, this could ruin my life permanently and if I was caught I could go to prison for a very long time. All of these warnings his mind conjured up to scare him away from fulfilling his pedophilic dreams seemed to collapse under the weight of his burning lust and carnal iniquity. The idea of possessing a young virgin girl

as his personal property and sex slave was simply too sublime and wonderful to refuse. His mouth watered at the very thought of having total power and control over a young females body and life. I would be her God and master and she would be subservient to my desires and submit faithfully to my every wish. He was willing to risk his liberty and freedom for such a divine prize. In the pursuit of this sweetest sin he was ready to face the possible consequences of life-long incarceration and even the eternal damnation of his soul. This forbidden quest had been locked away in his heart and hidden away in his soul for a long time. It had just taken meeting Vasaggo to light the final flame to ignite his carnivorous passion into action. Roland ignored the lingering feelings of guilt and shame that seemed to have sullied and stained his insides. He took a shower and masturbated again to the sordid memories and images of child rape he had just absorbed into his mind. He went to bed that night feeling like he had blood on his hands and numerous haunting skeletons in his closet. It was alright though because his monstrous appetite for the violation of purity and the destruction of innocence was stronger than his nagging conscience. He fell asleep with dark fantasies on his mind. He had a bizarre wet dream that night where he was completely naked and his bare and exposed flesh was impaled with hundreds of sharp splinters. He was covered in painful blisters in a wooden boat that was lazily floating in the middle of a red lake made of pig’s blood during the waning twilight. Butchered and decapitated pigs heads floated to the surface of the red pond, staring at Roland like eyeless hollowed meat caverns. Despite his

afflictions he had a raging erection and was extremely aroused. Even his physical pain seemed to be partly erotic to him. Hundreds of bright blue and purple psychedelic toads were hopping around the red lake and would land without sinking into the depths of the red lake and they would stand on the surface of the blood pool and stare obsessively at Roland with hypnotic black and white swirling eyes of optical illusion. This made astral dream world Roland extremely dizzy and he vomited a torrent of green sludge over the side of the wooden boat into the crimson lake. On the horizon there was a little ghost girl motioning seductively towards him. She had short black hair and wore a soaking wet white wedding dress. Through the watered down almost translucent fabric her adolescent and prepubescent breasts could be seen as well as the pink slit between her legs. Her multi-dimensional mirrored eyes were those of a bloat flies and she wore an ancient amulet around her neck made of crushed black scarab carcasses from some Egyptian desert of antiquity. She had the reptilian slit nostrils of a basilisk, while the remainder of her face was composed of torn flesh and the raw red wounds beneath. The little black haired ghost girl sat down in the shadowy hollow of a luscious green valley and began to rapidly and enthusiastically finger her young vagina. The neon velvet sun which was shaped like an inverted crucifix sank slowly below the dying twilight horizon, falling behind ominous black mountains that had the sharp jawed faces of ravenous wolves.

Chapter 4: Darkat’s Ring

Roland was briskly walking deep into the tainted heart of Antwerp Belgium's red light district. The night sky was overcast with grey and black storm clouds and a hard rain was falling onto the streets of Belgium. It was approximately fifteen minutes from midnight and he was closing in on his destination. The green and red neon lights of the sex shops, the European cafes and the seedy hotels bathed the gloomy shadows of the street in an artificial candy apple glow. Lighting a cigarette he continued to walk through the foggy decadent metropolis. Taking a long drag on his smoke he then stuffed his cold hands inside the warm pockets of his brown trench coat. Roland's gaze penetrated through the seductive glass storefronts of the sex shops at the scantily clad female mannequins before looking through the titillating glass storefronts at the attractive and fit nearly naked pole dancing strippers that were entertaining the rowdy and raucous inebriated denizens of the strip clubs and bars with their erotic and lusty feline like motions and movements. The high volume hard- pounding techno music was like an electronic pulse that shot through the earth beneath his feet and filled his veins with static electricity. Roland paid a broad-shouldered brawny bouncer at the front door to gain entrance into the old Catholic cathedral turned into an electronic nightclub. Roland entered the techno cathedral that was filled with fog machines on the dance floor and black lights, shiny silver disco balls and rainbow strobe lights that hung from the ceiling. The vibrant and frenetic party environment of the dance club seemed to be a living electric organism pulsing synthetically with a type of computerized throbbing and vividly

flashing audio and visual seizure. There was a serious high energy rave going on and the dance floor was filled with gyrating young people excitedly waving around glow sticks. Feminine laughter and immature giggling echoed throughout the building and mixed and faded into the predominant sleek synthetic sounds of synthesizers and drum machines. This place was an atmosphere that promised hedonism and debauchery, you could practically taste the sin in the air. Many of the female dancers looked like extreme jailbait. Most of the female ravers were dressed like total sluts including the jailbait girls among them, they were wearing nothing save for colorful fuzzy boots, neon fishnet shirts, and lacey thongs and bras. Most of the drunken young men on the dance floor were of college age and looked like the stereotypical American tourist frat boy douchebags that Roland utterly and thoroughly despised. The large stained glass windows in the techno cathedral were not adorned with saints, prophets or messiahs but instead they glorified painted Gothic harlots and other whores of the night. Roland looked for the staircase that led to the bottom floor and or the basement of the cathedral. He spotted it almost immediately and began to head for it when a young college guy holding multiple alcoholic beverages bumped into him causing him to lose balance and almost fall over, the clumsy guy also simultaneously spilled some beer onto Roland’s trench coat. Roland as an ex-alcoholic absolutely hated the smell of beer; it reminded him of bile and vomit, as well as despondency and depression. Feeling frustrated and more than a little bit annoyed Roland looked up at the man who had almost

caused his tumble onto the concrete floor. Not only did the guy not apologize for his clumsiness that caused such an inconvenience to another but he erupted into an obnoxious and abrasive laughter that seemed to last an eternity. Roland's ire began to rise and his temper began to flare after this blatant display of disrespect.

"Hey man watch where you are going!" The American tourist frat boy douchebag said with a pompous smirk on his face.

"Anyway though do you want to buy some ecstasy?" He asked.

With an expression of disdain on his face Roland simply shook his head no.

"Aww come on man don't be a loser, only twenty bucks a pill!" The frat boy douchebag exclaimed.

Roland shook his head once more.

"Whatever then you are a fucking faggot!" The frat boy said in a mixture disappointment and anger before heading towards the dance floor and disappearing into the crowd of revelers. Roland with his reddened face screwed up into a distorted mask of anger and hatred balled up his fists in fury as his blood pressure went through the roof and he felt red hot rage shoot through his body. He began to follow the frat boy douchebag with the intent of an angry verbal confrontation and probable violent conflict. He mentally and rationally caught himself though and stopped in his tracks before walking into a total disaster, reminding himself that there was a much more important mission at hand and getting into a fist-fight with that drunken idiot would ruin his plans. Also, being brutally honest with himself he

knew he was in poor physical shape and would most likely lose in a brawl against the younger more muscular man. Closing his eyes and taking a couple of long deep breaths to collect himself, he then descended the concrete staircase to the bottom floor of the cathedral nightclub. He found the exit door and walked out into a narrow alleyway littered with trash and beer cans. He saw the arcane red sigil spray-painted on a brick wall. A bunch of ravers were standing around in the chilly night talking loudly and smoking cigarettes. Many of them were drunkenly and passionately French-kissing. One blonde shit-faced half-conscious teenage girl that looked no older than fifteen was sitting down with her bare bottom in the dirt and leaning back against a brick wall with her pink thong pulled down around her ankles as two frat boy douchebags took turns fingering her hairless wet vagina and groping her breasts. Roland looked closely at the red sigil which reminded him of a daddy longlegs spider or a harvestman arachnid due to its compact center and long squiggly legs, although this sigil had four legs opposed to the arachnids eight. Roland used his right fist to knock three times into the middle of the esoteric sigil and then put his lips against the cold bricks that were slick and wet with rainwater and whispered the secret words EBLIS TETRAGRAMMATON. At that point he felt his feet leave the ground below him and for a strange moment it was as if he were weightlessly suspended in limbo only to briefly recover the sensation of his physical body before he was atomically disintegrated, reintegrated and assimilated into another location and another reality entirely. He was absorbed and overcome by the

sensation of a harsh electric shock but what followed it was a pleasant static tingling sensation first travelling down his vertebrae and then the tickling vibration was sent all throughout his skeleton. In the blink of an eye he was gone from the dank and dark alleyway of the cathedral nightclub smoking pit and transported to somewhere utterly fantastical and unreal. He was standing on an arcane stone pathway in the middle of a massive ethereal garden located outside of a large aristocratic estate manor. The enchanted manor garden was brightly illuminated under an aesthetically pleasing warm golden glow, the serene light resembled the amber light of dusk and was created by floating candle-lit lanterns in the sky that were seemingly powered by some unseen magic spell. Butterflies and fireflies as well as exotic moths were absolutely everywhere in this strange and alien environment, so much so in fact that it was difficult to breathe without catching one into your mouth and swallowing them by accident. In the night sky above hung three blue crescent moons that appeared to be made out of arctic ice. The celestial dome of the nocturnal sky was not dark and black but instead was painted supernova silver like the starlight of planet earth and the stars of this bizarre new world were black as oil and they shone with an eerie and enchanting nocturnal light that was like the obsidian shimmer of ravens’ feathers. Roland was awestruck by this gorgeous and surreal landscape, this place was breathtakingly beautiful. There were mounds of colorful toxic and glowing mushrooms growing throughout the massive garden. Looking over the edge of this independent colony of the galaxy gave

Roland a bad case of vertigo. A colossal orange planet dominated most of the horizon. The goliath planet looked like it was home to vast deserts that contained rolling dunes and sands like lakes of astral fire. Roland gathered enough visual information to venture a guess that the enchanted landscape he was currently standing on behaved and was shaped like a disc and constructed from pure silver. Forming a threatening double circled perimeter around the garden were hundreds of grey bearded and painted garden gnomes wearing black tunics and tall black pointed conical hats. The disturbing garden gnomes displayed demented jolly smiles on their frozen faces. The gargantuan garden gnomes were at least seven feet tall and were holding medieval weapons like battle-axes broadswords, flails and morning stars. The armed and ominous garden gnomes seemed to be made out of obsidian stone and white marble and they had rows of razor-sharp needle teeth like that of a shark. The fanged gargantuan gnomes were standing there like lifeless and soulless satanic sentinels. What were they guarding? Roland wondered to himself nervously. Were they trying to keep me inside the garden circle or trying to keep someone outside of the garden circle? Roland looked beneath his feet and he saw that the ground was covered in twisting vines and dense vegetation. To his dismay and disgust he also noticed that disturbingly large beetles and grotesquely oversized slimy worms were crawling across his brown work boots. He kicked the overgrown worms and beetles off of his work boots as he saw preying mantis’s the size of human toddlers stalking and running through the thick tall green grass of

the garden. Roland was rapidly starting to change his opinion about this damned place. Maybe this place wasn't a dreamlike paradise after all but instead a frightful deception, some type of treacherous sugar-coated lie he had foolishly believed. The illusion of innocence and magic was shattered like traumatized glass and it was replaced by feelings of foreboding and dread. The blessed fairy tale was in reality a cursed nightmare. A muscular man with a shaved head who was clad in paramilitary gear began to approach Roland. At first Roland mistook the man for Vasaggo but as the man got closer to where he stood he realized it was one of Vasaggo's men. This man was taller than Vasaggo with slightly different tattoos and facial bone structure. The militant occultist in his heavy duty bullet proof vest walked through thick clouds of moths and butterflies without twitching or flinching. In one hand he was holding an hourglass full of sand. The militant occultist sat down and with a motion of his hand urged Roland to do the same. Roland agreed and sat down next to the cult member.

"Hello Roland my name is Arcturus, it is a pleasure to meet you again" the occultist said.

He stuck out his hand and Roland shook it.

"Where are we?" asked Roland.

"We are in an astral realm created by the dark goddess Darkat through her divine acausal blessings, we call this galactic colony Darkat's Ring" The occultist said.

"Are we on another planet?" Roland asked.

“No, we are in a special place, a place that is both extra-terrestrial and inter-dimensional, we are in the jeweled eye of a wormhole, we sit on the face of a meteor that orbits the planet Mactoron” The occultist said.

“Incredible” said Roland mystified, “This is unbelievable, I don’t know how this is possible”

“There is much beyond the material world and the realm of the mundane, once you get a peek behind the curtain there truly is no going back to worthless normality” said the occultist.

“Why did you bring me here?” Roland asked.

“When we desire secrecy and privacy this is our clandestine meeting grounds to discuss business away from prying eyes and mundane interference” said the occultist.

“So you want something from me before I can receive what I was promised?” Roland asked.

“Yes, we need you to retrieve for us a shipment of highly illegal drugs; we will give you the subterranean map with the directions and the time and date of the pick-up” The occultist said.

“What type of drugs are these?” Roland asked.

“An extremely powerful drug called adrenochrome, it is extracted from the adrenal glands of children that have been terrorized and traumatized, it acts as a potent stimulant and also provides euphoric ecstasy to the user, adrenochrome also has strong rejuvenating effects, you could call it the fountain of youth” The occultist told Roland.

“Are you guys addicted to this drug?” Roland asked, “This sounds like vampire stuff”

“We are addicted to nothing, we are far too disciplined for that type of weakness, we do enjoy partaking of adrenochrome on occasion for ritual or military purposes though, as to why we desire the adrenochrome at this point though is frankly none of your business, we will tell you if you need to know” Arcturus said slightly annoyed.

“I am sorry” Roland said sheepishly.

“No need to apologize comrade, I am simply briefing you on your mission” said the occultist.

The occultist handed Roland a tattered and ancient apocryphal map.

“We expect you to follow the instructions and bring us back the shipment of adrenochrome on time and not a minute late, if you don’t I promise you it won’t be pretty my friend but I believe that you will not let us down” said Arcturus.

The militant occultist turned the hourglass filled with sand upside down and placed it on a flat stone beneath his combat boots.

“As a reward for your obedience and loyalty thus far we have a gift for you and we hope you enjoy it, just be sure to be finished with your gift before your time is up or I fear you might go home sexually frustrated, also a fair warning for you, do not attempt to leave the garden and enter the gates of the castle beyond or you will regret it, in fact it will be the last thing you ever do” The occultist warned grimly.

The occultist turned around as if he were about to leave but then he spun back to look at Roland and stare at his face for a moment.

“By the way my new friend has anyone ever told you that you got a fucked up and creepy eye” The occultist said with a mischievous and playful smirk.

“You sure are one to talk!” Roland said chuckling slightly.

“Ever since I was an infernal infant in my misbegotten crib everyone always told me that I have my father’s eyes” The occultist remarked.

“I’m honestly curious though comrade, what permanently wounded your eye in that manner?” The occultist asked.

“One night when my brother was angry with me for losing his bike he stabbed me in the eye with a fork” Roland answered bluntly.

“Sorry to hear that my friend but our scars tell many grand stories and our wounds make us stronger, especially the wounds that never heal but only keep bleeding, always remember that everything that is great is built upon sorrow” Arcturus said.

The occultist reached into a cloud of moths and butterflies and plucked out a fairy made out of stardust. The small fairy seemed to be struggling in vain to escape from between his fingers. The occultist tilted his head downwards and a strand of saliva fell from his lips onto the crown of the fairy’s head. In an instantaneous flash of brilliant light the small stardust fairy transformed into a naked young girl. Suddenly Arcturus was holding a five foot one, ninety pound eleven year old female in his arms. He placed her delicate feet gently on a flat stone of the garden.

“I will give you two some privacy and some time to get to know each other more intimately” said Arcturus.

Arcturus then turned around and with his back to Roland and the naked young girl he walked off in the direction of the castle. When he approached the wrought iron gates leading into the manor estate, a feral bark erupted from his throat which activated and animated the demonic gnome sentinels to part and step aside allowing him entrance into the forbidden territory. An erection growing in his pants, Roland stood up and looked down at the naked young girl with a lustful stare. This place had been a rollercoaster of emotions so far and had made him feel like the victim of a shape- shifting schizophrenic world that caused extreme bipolar mood swings but without a doubt Roland was now completely confident that this place was indeed a seventh heaven of the highest order. The little girl looked up at him with wide innocent eyes that were as green and vibrant as a sparkling emerald or a field of spring grass underneath the sunshine. She had short brown hair cut into a feminine pixie cut and a sparkling silver tiara on her head. She had flawless fair skin and a handful of freckles scattered across her precious face. She was wearing silver bracelets on her wrists, around her ankles and also around her tiny waist. The opulent dangling bracelets she wore on her small body held little Wiccan charms and astrological symbols. She was endearingly cute and adorable, the very portrait of innocence and purity. She was truly an ambrosial creature if he had ever seen one, he couldn’t wait to utterly and thoroughly desecrate and defile her. Roland breathlessly took an

excited step forward and gently cradled the small of her back with one hand while he greedily grabbed and caressed her adolescent buttocks with his other. Her soft pale flesh was divine. He planted a lecherous kiss upon one of her little pink nipples located on her flat undeveloped bosom. Roland began to kiss and chew lightly on the side of the child's neck. The natural perfume of her pheromones ignited his perverted passions to an even higher level. Instead of recoiling in fright like he expected her to do, the little girl shocked and surprised him in a pleasant way by making a playful giggle before returning his lewd affection by kissing him lightly and affectionately on the cheek not once but twice. Roland felt like his body was melting into a puddle of pure bliss; the physical pleasure and emotional euphoria of this experience was beyond anything he had ever experienced on the bland and repressive terrestrial sphere called earth. This was his time to not only lose his own cursed virginity but to fulfill a decade's long dream of deflowering an underage virgin maiden. He continued to massage the child's bare bottom, salivating as his erection raged in his pants. Her young flesh was cool to the touch under the arctic moonlight of this mysterious galaxy. The girl giggled once more before running her tongue across Roland's lips as if to tease and flirt with him. The girl smiled at Roland and as her eyes twinkled with childish affection, suddenly it was as though he had suffered a physical blow to the stomach. As if suddenly hit by Cupids arrow he began to feel a strong emotional connection to the young girl, a deep intimate bond and an irrational but instinctual feeling like he had known her for centuries, like they

had been age old lovers and wedded spouses in a past life. His withered and hollow soul was filled with pure light that radiated throughout his inner emptiness and made him feel spiritually whole. In his whole miserable and lonely life he had never felt this happy before. This foreign phenomenon was scary but more than anything it was thrilling, invigorating and utterly intoxicating. Roland ran his hand through the girl's spiky short brown hair as he kissed her deeply and passionately, sticking his tongue in her throat. Finally he tasted the sweet forbidden fruit he had long craved for and lusted after and he was definitely not disappointed, it tasted supremely sublime. He began to reach his eager hand between her milky thighs and toward her puerile pink flower. Before his hand touched upon his target the little girl twirled around and wiggled her butt at him in a display of mischievous jest and then without warning swiftly took off, skipping into the tall green grass of the mystical garden. The little nymph disappeared into the wild jungle of blood roses, exotic moths and twisting vines. In her sudden flight into the celestial wilderness her silver tiara had fallen from her head and clattered to a stand-still on a flat rock bed. Roland in a bewildered state and feeling slightly frustrated at this unexpected turn of events picked up the hourglass and then ventured into the shade of the dense vegetation, swatting at butterflies that shrouded his vision. He almost tripped over a mound of glowing toxic mushrooms and as his work boot crushed the mushrooms out poured a foul chemical sludge that appeared to be radioactive. Acrid tendrils of smoke rose from the puddles of chemical sludge and the smoke irritated

Roland’s throat causing him to cough in disgust. He quickly went further into the tall grass and weeds to avoid the pollution caused by the crushed mushrooms. He continued his search for the object of his desire but the little girl was nowhere in sight. Suddenly he felt a little yank on his belt and he looked down and it was her sitting there in the grass below him. She was on her knees and it seemed she was focused on the simple task of unbuckling his belt. The little nymph achieved her goal and then with a quick tug of both of her hands she pulled down Roland’s boxers. She gripped his manhood in both of her delicate little hands and began to enthusiastically tug back and forth on his shaft while she looked up at him smiling gleefully. Roland issued forth a series of bestial carnal moans as the little girl massaged his penis with vigor. He had to work hard to control himself because he already felt like he was going to explode and cover her pretty little face with a flood of semen. The last thing he wanted to do was waste this opportunity and ruin the experience by prematurely ejaculating. Roland grabbed the little girl by her wrists lightly and pulled her hands away from his throbbing shaft, buying himself time to calm down. The little nymph scrunched her face up into a childish and bratty pout. After a little over half a minute he released her hands to continue her wondrous dirty work on his pulsing meat phallus. The little girl lifted up his thick veiny penis and pressed it against his belly button before she began licking his testicles with youthful zest. Roland shivered in bliss, steeling himself and flexing his colon muscles to prevent himself from ejaculating. The prepubescent girl then slowly licked his penis from the hilt

to the tip. She began to suck his penis with the skill of a trained harlot, deep throating his hard seven inches like some type of child porn star. Roland groaned in delight while he ran his fingers through his little whorish princess’s short brown hair. The little girl then laid on her back in the grass and vines and spread her little legs open wide, an invitation into her flesh portal. Roland got down on his knees and with his hand began rubbing her labia. He then grasped her firmly by her tiny waist and placed the engorged head of his phallic missile against her delicate flesh flower. He began to push and thrust against her tight juvenile vagina and at first his would be conquering manhood was met with resistance. After a few moments of enjoyable struggle he triumphantly burst her mucous membrane into tatters and then her red rivers began to flow. The deflowered maiden child whined and winced with pain for a short window of time but shortly after the hurtful episode she returned to issuing forth feminine purrs of ecstasy. Roland looked down at his little angelic slut and put one hand gently around her fragile throat as he railed deeper and deeper into the little cherubs slit. He could feel his phallic weapon penetrating the child’s womb like a primitive pump- drill pushing into the depths of the earth. The fay girl wrapped her skinny arms around Roland’s back and pulled him deeper inside of her, biting and nibbling at his earlobe and making whimpering sounds of ecstasy. The sexy little scoundrel was going to make him cum he feared. Roland disengaged from her embrace in an effort to save himself from an early orgasm, thankfully his plan was successful and he sighed with relief as sweat

dripped from his brow. Regaining his sexual stamina and vitality he flipped the little girl over so she was positioned on her hands and knees with upturned buttocks, offering her pudenda towards him to ravage. He stuck his hard penis into her tight little cunt. Roland grabbed her by her small and frail little shoulders and began to thrust and plow his manhood into the child. She whimpered and purred seductively as he fucked her hard. Her small hands grasped at weeds and grass of the garden below her as she was plowed and rammed into the ground by the force of his frantic and breathless thrusts. Roland using both of his greedy and selfish hands gripped handfuls of the little nymphs buttocks flesh as he continued to plumb her forbidden depths. He battered and hammered her cunt with merciless joy until he couldn't fight the urge anymore to explode. He pulled his erect penis from the child's pussy, his cock was covered in her sticky fluids, he aimed his hard cock at the little darling's bottom and with a few short rubs with his hand he fired his seed showering her youthful buttocks with a bountiful spray of warm semen. He looked down at the hourglass and the sand was quickly becoming depleted and vanishing into the bottom half, he estimated that he only had about five minutes remaining before his time was up. Roland had no idea what would happen at that point. Before Roland had a chance to pull his pants up the girl kissed him on the cheek and sat in his lap.

"What is your name little girl?" he asked his child lover.

"Eve" she responded with a faint and melodic voice, "What's your name daddy?"

“Roland” he responded to her simply.

“Well that name is boring!” She said sticking her tongue out at him like a brat.

“I never really liked it much to be honest but of course I didn’t get to pick it my mother did” He said to her.

“I’m just kidding daddy, I like your name I was just teasing you because I like you is all” She explained with an innocent smile.

Roland looked down at the hourglass and almost all of the grains of sand were on the bottom half of the device.

“I had a lovely and wonderful time with you sweetheart” Roland said, “But I’m afraid I will not be here for that much longer, I am disappointed because I wish I could stay here with you forever”

The little nymph smiled at him and then whispered into his ear.

“I love you so much daddy, please promise that you will come back and visit me as soon as possible” She whispered gently to him.

She picked a black rose from the garden and handed it to him.

“My gift to you daddy” She said, “Keep it close to your heart and think of me whenever you touch it”

She stood up from his lap and Roland stood as well, pulling up his pants in the process. An expression of discomfort and worry suddenly formed on Eve’s face. The expression rapidly turned to that of fear and then that of panic.

“What is wrong Eve?” Roland asked her, “Are you okay?”

She suddenly turned totally translucent as if her flesh were made of plastic and through her it was as though he could see a vascular roadmap of her veins. Her frightening metamorphosis continued as she became a small statue of candle wax that began to melt into a puddle. Only a crude tracing of her tortured facial features remained on the melting candle wax. One more transformation took place, the statue of melting wax that was once Eve proceeded to transmute into a five foot tall pillar of salt that stood for a few moments before collapsing into a mess at Roland's feet. He stood there shocked and confused as tears slowly formed in his eyes in response to the tragic disappearance of his child lover. The black rose Eve had given him was writhing around in his closed fist as if alive and in pain. He brought the black rose closer to his face to inspect it. The writhing rose came to a standstill and then it began to talk to him!

"Never love something so much that you cannot watch it die", the rose whispered to him both cruelly and compassionately.

A few bitter teardrops fell from Roland's eyes in the torture garden. His vision began to grow blurry and he began to feel ghostly and immaterial, that same weightless in limbo feeling he had experienced earlier that night returned to him. With an electric zap of energy he was once again standing in the alleyway of the nightclub cathedral. He was staring at the seven-pointed sigil that was the portal to the astral garden. In his hands he held two objects, one was the black rose Eve had gifted to him and the other was the subterranean map Arcturus had given to him. The gorgeous black rose

had turned into a handful of sharp thorns and decaying dead leaves infested in fire ants that viciously bit at his hand. Roland cried out in pain and threw the thorns and dead leaves from his hand in shock. The thorns and dead leaves landed in a shallow puddle of rainwater and the aggressive fire ants began to drown. The ancient apocryphal map had turned into a simple sheet of notebook paper marked with penciled chicken scratches of messy handwriting. He shook his head in frustrated bewilderment. Feeling morose and heavy-hearted Roland began his journey back home. Alone in the rain in the early morning hours with his head bowed in deep thought and introspection he kept marching through the misty gloom and cried slightly and quietly, mourning the death of some mythological romantic partner.

Chapter 5: Gehenna

Roland checked his map once more and realized he had arrived at the right place. He lifted up the surprisingly heavy sewer grate and dropped it to the side. The circular metallic cover vibrated an abrasive clattering sound as it came to a rest on the street. Roland peered down into the murky darkness of the manhole. He took a deep breath and steadied himself for a harsh impact before taking the leap of faith, dropping down into the shadowy unknown underworld. He fell for about fifteen feet but the descent felt as long as a mile. His feet crashed into wet concrete causing him to lose balance and fall face forward. He put his hands out in an effort to protect his face and head from damage. Only partially successful in his defensive actions he scraped

the side of his face on the rocky surface and his glasses were knocked got knocked off in the process. Roland's hands also got fairly turn up in the fall. He cursed loudly as the cuts on his face and the abrasions on his hands began to bleed. Retrieving his glasses and putting them back on he looked around and took in the subterranean environment that surrounded him in the gloom. There was a system of tunnels and he seemed to be standing almost directly in the middle of them. He was at a fork in the sewer road so to speak. Roland took a long hard look at his map and then turned left, heading down the eastward tunnel. The tunnel smelled rancid and it was strewn with garbage and soaked and dirty clothing. The smell was repulsive and he had to remind himself to stop breathing through his nose and switch his oxygen intake to his mouth. He saw a family of fat diseased looking rats chewing on a couple of brown plastic bags. This place was a dismal hellhole and he already felt miserable. This sewer was a prison he felt he needed to escape, but he knew that he had to finish his mission. He didn't want to think about the alternative, failure was not an option. He had remembered the threatening warning of Arcturus and he didn't want to face the dire consequences that might be in store for him if he came back to him empty handed. He had to just soldier through so he could get out of here as soon as possible and get aboveground to freedom once more. He followed the map and took many twists and turns through the tunnel system until he came to an expansive elevated platform. On the platform there stood what appeared to be a large makeshift wooden restaurant. The sign of the wooden

restaurant read THE PIZZA UNDERGROUND. The structure was decorated with a profuse amount of crude and sloppy crayon drawings authored by children. Inside of the wooden restaurant dozens of little effigy's made of cloth and human hair were lynched from the boards of the plywood ceiling and voodoo dolls made of rotten meat hanged from their necks swinging ever so slightly. It seemed like there was a cold preternatural breeze whispering through the sewer tunnels into this unsettling place. Standing near to the pizza underground restaurant was a tribal totem pole; all of the heads on the totem pole were from the same animal, an owl. The only difference was each of the owl heads was painted a different color. Many of the owl heads had bloody handprints over the faces. Some of the blood looked fairly fresh but it was hard to tell. Roland had the creeps and he felt like the hair on the back of his neck was standing up, he also developed goose bumps on his arms and legs. This place was severely spooky and weird as hell, but he didn't know why he was surprised by this. His life had taken an extraordinary turn as of late. That fact was without a doubt.

"Hey are you Roland" someone hissed behind him.

Roland feeling like he was about to have a heart attack, almost pissed himself in shock and fear. In fight or flight mode with his adrenaline pumping He turned around to face the stranger who stood behind him. He saw a short rotund man with a hooked nose and ugly troll-like features. The repugnant little man was wearing an expensive suit, black tie and a pair of suspenders. This surely must be the drug supplier he was sent to meet, the lard ass

Jewish democrat politician that Arcturus told him about. The politician fit the stereotype of a Jewish man to a tee. With his swarthy complexion, his dark beady shifty eyes and hunched back he was a perfect caricature of the greedy merchant.

“Yes I am Roland” He responded to the Jew, “I am here for the adrenochrome supply”

“Yes that is right and the adrenochrome you shall receive, but of course naturally you have to help me collect it first” The politician said.

“What do you mean help you collect it? I was told you would have the drugs” Roland said worried and annoyed.

“The vessels containing the drug are right beneath our feet as we speak” The Jew said.

“Here let me demonstrate to you exactly what I mean, follow my lead and I will show you how to extract the precious substance called adrenochrome” said the Jew.

The Jew politician walked over to owl head totem pole and turned the totem pole in a full revolution. The sewer platform began to rumble as if the shockwaves of an impending earthquake were upsetting its foundations. After a few moments of tumultuous chaos the platform began to slowly descend deeper into the bowels of the sewer. When the platform ceased its sinking action they were facing an archaic stone archway that seemed to beckon them into its mystical embrace like an arcane portal. The heart of the cavernous archway possessed a thick and heavy darkness that seemed to be

somehow alive. The portal had an oppressive and malevolent aura about it and Roland was weary of entering into its unhallowed maw. The Jewish politician wasted no time and seemingly without fear or worry of the possible consequences he casually walked through the medieval gateway of sentient shadows. Roland followed his strange new acquaintance to the entrance of the paranormal passage. Roland held his breath and crossed his fingers as he followed the politician inside of the foreboding archway. As they walked through the stone archway he felt like there were a thousand pairs of creeping unwanted eyes staring into his soul and violating the privacy of his mind. He felt an intrusive unclean despoilment of his astral being like he was being spiritually molested by hateful and inhuman entities. It felt increasingly harder to breathe as a suffocating force grew stronger in the archway as Roland continued to walk through the ghostly gauntlet of malignant spirits. When finally they escaped the hostile embrace and haunted corridor of the long stone archway there stood in front of Roland a brand new horror to behold. As the last remnants of his conscience disintegrated into dust and ruins and his human empathy dissolved in an internal caustic lake he looked up at the fifty foot tall nefarious behemoth towering above him. It was a massive demonic statue made of pure gold. The diabolical monument was that of a titanic horned bull. The golden bull had a hellish furnace raging inside its grim metal maw, a red hot burning oven of hungry dancing flames. “Aw, we meet again my great horrid king” The politician said reverently before bowing to the dreadful icon before him.

Next to the ghoulish gilded bovine in a primitive and rusted jail cell were three small naked children covered in filth and shackled to the wall in bondage. The captive children were emaciated and starving, covered in their own urine and feces. They had obviously been abducted and spirited down to this underworld prison a while ago and been left to rot. The imprisoned children all looked to be below the age of nine. Two of the captive children were boys and appeared to be brothers and the third child was a girl who could very well be their younger sister. All three of the children had brown hair and brown eyes as well as similar facial features. The politician removed a silver skeleton key from one of his suit pockets. Roland followed the politician into the dismal cell after the door was unlocked and opened. There were numerous instruments of torture and weapons of death to be utilized hanging from one of the cell's walls. The Jewish politician grabbed a whip that had been fashioned with razor tips and began mercilessly lashing one of the little boys chained up in the jail cell. After a cruel barrage of lashes targeting the child's bare back, the Jew grabbed the little boy by the hair and forced him to look at the monstrous and bestial icon of sacrifice while promising him that the golden bovines flaming furnace was to be his final destination. The boy sobbed helplessly while the politician laughed, using a medieval metal claw to slash at the bleeding lacerations on the boys back and rip off large sections of skin. Roland still awestruck and spellbound by the pagan monstrosity that was the infernal bull Moloch watched the torture only peripherally and from afar.

“Well don’t just stand there, come help me collect the drug” the politician said impatiently.

Roland nodded and joined the Jew in the jail cell. He picked a sharp dagger from the assortment of weapons offered in the armory of the jail cell and he swiftly and ruthlessly carved the ear off the smaller of the two boys. The blade sliced through the flesh and cartilage fairly easily, almost like a sword through jelly. The sanguine liquor flowed forth voluptuously in plentiful red rivers and added to the strong copper scent in the cell as his work boots were painted red in a crimson tide.

“How divine your cup overfloweth” The Jew said, cheerfully chuckling to himself.

The politician continued to assault the imprisoned boy relentlessly with the bladed whip until the child’s back was torn to shreds, a raw and red mangled mess of carved up meat. Torrents of blood rushed from his wounds and the Jew pulled out a medical syringe and proceeded to stick the needle deep into the base of the suffering child’s neck and into his spinal column to extract the pure adrenalized blood. The Jew repeated this surgical process many times, transferring the collected blood from the syringe into small brown pharmaceutical bottles. Roland with a few forceful carves of his dagger removed the little boys other ear before taking a medical syringe and some brown bottles from the politician and following his lead by using the needle to extract adrenalized blood from the top of the boys spinal column near his brain stem. He filled numerous brown bottles to the brim with adrenochrome.

After he felt he had thoroughly drained the boys vascular system of pure adrenalized blood Roland grabbed a handful of the boys brown hair and pulled his head back so his jugular was fully exposed. The petrified child was staring up at the stone ceiling of the torture cell with bleak horror in his eyes. With a vicious and deadly slash of his dagger Roland ripped the boy’s throat open. This was the terminal maneuver and crimson rivers gushed from the fatal injury of the dying child. Roland let the boy collapse onto the dirty ground of the cell. The Jewish politician with his newly acquired hatchet in hand forced his victims small right hand against the metal bars of the jail cell and began to hack it off at the wrist. Soon his gruesome task was complete and the severed hand detached from its traumatized host fell to the ground resting in a puddle of blood as the butchered young boy screamed in pain. The overweight politician dropped his trousers and began to sodomize the brutalized young boy with his small deformed tool. During the heinous rape the Jew would occasionally bash the boy’s face into the metal bars of the jail cell before returning to the vile sexual assault. After the politician had achieved orgasm and ejaculated into the bruised colon of his victim he dropped to his knees in the blood and filth of the cell and began to eagerly and enthusiastically fellate his rape victim. The Jew began to chew on the foreskin of the young boy’s intact penis before he violently circumcised the child with his teeth. As the boy screamed in terror the Jew chewed on the torn foreskin like it was some divinely delicious treat before swallowing it whole. Roland found the Jew’s homosexuality and foreskin feasting to be

revulsive but he bit his tongue and chose to stay silent.

“Master Moloch is hungry for an offering” The Jew said, “Give me a hand will you?”

Roland and the politician freed the raped and abused boy from his shackles and lifted him from the ground, walking him towards the pagan deity that would be his cremator and tomb. Roland with the bleeding boy in his arms carefully climbed the wooden ladder to reach the burning maw of the dreadful Moloch. He unceremoniously tossed the child onto the scorching hot furnace like how someone would toss a bone to their dog and the boy writhed in agony as his flesh burned and melted. The golden bull’s eyes began to glow red and pulsate with bloodlust as it consumed its sacrifice. A thunderous roar of pounding tribal drums began to echo through the sewers depths, almost like the applause of hidden undead denizens of this chthonic realm. Roland descended from the ladder and asked the politician for the skeleton key. Once he received the key he walked back into the cell and unbound the little girl from her shackles. As opposed to being repulsed and turned off by the fact that her legs were caked with feces and that she was covered in her own stale urine he found her complete debasement to be a powerful and stimulating aphrodisiac. He then rudely dragged her kicking and screaming until they were standing directly in front of Moloch. He could feel the warmth of the furnaces flames on his face as he dropped his pants around his ankles and began to sodomize the young girl while he held her against the ground. As his erect penis obtruded her rectum and began to

painfully drill its depths the little girl's falling tears stained the concrete platform beneath them, creating a type of melancholy Rorschach test or piece of abstract art representative of her misery. As he continued battering her colon with the penetrating strikes of his hard penis he shoved his fingers inside of her mouth and grabbed her tongue. He ecstatically continued to ravish her like a soulless barbarian. In an act of futile resistance the little girl bit down hard on her rapists fingers. The bite broke the skin of Roland's fingers and he began to bleed profusely. The sharp pain did nothing to subtract from the intensity of his intoxicated and ecstatic state that was caused by his shameless indulgence in this most depraved and forbidden evil act. He shoved a bunch of her long brown hair into her own mouth while he proceeded to thrust deep inside of her. The severe pressure of his excited phallic tool violently thrusting inside of her rectum caused the capillaries around her eyes to burst abruptly and purple welts formed around her strained and terrorized eyes in response to the trauma. Giving the girl a type of macabre bruised mask, the infamous panda eyes he had read about on pedophilia dark web forums in the past. Roland satisfied with this ghastly and gruesome accomplishment then achieved orgasm and ejaculated profusely inside of the little girl's battered anus. Panting and sweating from his episode of sinful fornication he was overcome by a few spasms of ecstasy before he collapsed in exhaustion on top of his juvenile rape victim. Once he had rejuvenated himself from his physical exertion and sexual release he took the struggling girl by her throat raising her to her feet before cradling

her in his arms and then began to climb the tall wooden ladder to once more feed the sub-terrestrial beast. He tossed the girl onto the scorching furnace and watched with pitiless detached interest as her hair withered and turned to ash and her eyeballs exploded inside her skull like overcooked egg whites in a high-powered microwave. The overwhelming ghostly cacophony of tribal pagan war-drums sounded once more drowning out the last of the victims screams as the offering was greedily consumed by the ancient Canaanite deity. Roland feeling accomplished in his grisly deed descended from the wooden ladder and returned to the jail cell to find the Jewish politician knelt over the drained corpse of the boy who had his throat slashed. The Jew was using a small knife to carve bits of bloody flesh from the boy's face before he proceeded to gnaw at and eat the meat sliced from the dead body. The Jew's misshapen skull bobbed up and down while he chowed down on the child's dead flesh like some type of hideous human rat. After the Jew was finished with his blasphemous and cannibalistic feast they counted the number of bottles of adrenochrome they had collected from their pedophilic harvest of torture and death. There were twenty bottles of child blood in total, which seemed to be a decent score. Twenty bottles of pure adrenochrome was their well-earned treasure. The politician divided the bottles in half and gave ten to Roland while keeping the rest for himself.

"Alright I believe a fifty-fifty split is fair" The ugly pedovore Jew said.

"Yes" Roland confirmed, "That is what I've been told will suffice"

"I hope you have enjoyed your stay in wonderful Gehenna and I imagine we

might meet again in the future, it is quite easy to develop a habit for that stuff once you have had a taste” The fat politician said.

“Yes, it was quite the experience to say the least” Roland said, “Well I really must be leaving now I have some pressing responsibilities to meet”

“Yes of course” the Jew said, “Just one more thing before I raise the platform for you so you can be on your way”

“Yes?” Roland curiously inquired.

The obese politician handed Roland one of his brown pharmaceutical bottles of adrenochrome.

“Call me paranoid but I need to know if you are trustworthy to keep the secrets of this sacred place, you must prove your loyalty and obedience to both King Moloch and I by testing the product, it is nothing personal so don’t take offense, this is a customary initiation rite for members of the elite pizza underground, a mandatory rite of passage if you will”

Roland nervously looked at the red nectar within the glass bottle and he hesitated for a few moments before he twisted the rubber cap off the container and downed the whole bottle of adrenochrome in one mighty swig. The thick sanguine liquor tasted somehow both bitter and rich simultaneously with a surprisingly pleasant aftertaste as it slid down his throat. After his consumption of the youthful adrenalized blood the drugs powerful narcotic effects were almost instantaneous upon his mind and body. He felt infinitely more alert of his immediate surroundings and environment like the details of the world around him greatly amplified in

intensity and complexity. He suddenly possessed the predatory mindset of a hawk and the killer instinct of a wolf. His state of consciousness was altered and raised up to much grander heights of metaphysical awareness. He felt extremely healthy and physically fit like he was in the body of much younger and stronger man. He intuitively felt like he was mentally sharper and more intelligent, as if all of his cerebral capabilities were enhanced considerably. Euphoric supernovas of serotonin and dopamine ignited and exploded in his brain like fireworks of pleasure as a rush of endorphins shot through his veins. His confidence grew to towering heights and his self-esteem was boosted through the roof. Roland felt like he was nine feet tall and invulnerable, he felt positively superhuman and unstoppable. He adored this adrenochrome drug; it was love at first taste. Roland now understood what Arcturus meant when he called the drug by the name of the fountain of youth. The Jewish politician had an odd cryptic smirk on his face while he chuckled and shook his head slowly in amusement and disbelief.

“What is it” Roland asked him, “What is wrong?”

“You were only supposed to drink about a quarter of the adrenochrome, definitely not the whole bottle” The politician said.

“What the hell?” Roland said nervously, “Why didn’t you tell me that?”

“I guess I assumed that you already knew” the Jew answered simply.

“Will I be okay?” asked Roland, “Can I overdose on this stuff?”

“Yes, you can and you probably just took enough to overdose but don’t worry, it won’t be nearly enough for it to be fatal, you might just experience

some unwanted side-effects” the Jew answered.

“Side-effects like what?” Roland asked beginning to worry a little bit.

“The main possible side-effects of adrenochrome overdose include excessive paranoia, prolonged hallucinations, temporary episodes of schizophrenia, uncontrollable bursts of anger as well as aggressive behavior, homicidal ideation and homicidal behavior”

“Holy hell” said Roland beginning to panic from the frightening information, “Is that all Jesus Christ!?”

“You will be alright”, The Jew said dismissively, “Just think of this as a rough and rocky adventure and enjoy the ride”

High levels of anxiety began to interrupt with Roland’s transcendent high but once the politician had raised the sewer platform and the two lecherous and depraved men had parted ways in the shadowy tunnel system the disruption of his euphoria ceased and was replaced by a joyful delirium. By the time he had crawled out of an open manhole and climbed out of the sewer back to the moonlit surface world he was hallucinating so severely it was hard to differentiate between reality and drug-induced fantasy. He was surrounded by levitating phantoms that were circling him slowly and hypnotically like they were some type of possessed supernatural merry-go-round. The phantoms were legless bisected skeletal warlocks holding grim scythes and wearing dark hoods and long flowing capes made out of dead crows. All the skeletal phantasms radiated velvet colored auras. Towering pylons that were supercharged with green kinetic alien energy lined the dark streets and

buzzed and crackled threateningly with extraterrestrial electricity. Small mechanical and mythological creatures with gear like bodies made of springs; nuts and bolts danced around festively in the moonlit night and sang objects into existence. Their voices would vibrate magical frequencies while they sang and then things would manifest into being such as a liquid piano made out of water, a living and galloping horse made of stars, and a giant skyscraper made out of ice. Nothing was real anymore, it seemed as if the barriers between separate and foreign realities had crumbled and now many different dimensions were bleeding into each other incestuously, the normal and mundane laws of the world had dissolved into a type of surreal anarchy and Roland embraced the madness of his altered state. He felt gently embraced by a dreamlike euphoria as his otherworldly and cadaverous motorcade surrounded him on his intoxicated and nocturnal walk back to his porn store. When he was close to his shop he spotted a resplendent white rabbit from the corner of his eye. The enchanted rabbit that was white as winter’s snow silently called to him emotionally and spiritually like a siren. Without a second thought and automatically on instinct Roland followed the mystical animals command. Following the resplendent white rabbit Roland climbed three chain-link fences that were obstacles in his way. The top of the third fence was covered in barbed wire and Roland received a few deep cuts on his hands, but the pain seemed distant almost like it belonged to another person entirely. The wounds and blood spilling from his hands were ignored and then completely forgotten. The white rabbit led Roland to a dumpster

behind a Chinese restaurant and then the animal vanished into a mist of smoke. Roland opened the lid of the dumpster and sitting on top of a few black plastic garbage bags he found a sleek and deadly fully loaded submachine gun.

Chapter 6: Culling of the Mortal Coil

Roland had to deliver the bottles of adrenochrome to Arcturus and that meant he had to make it back to the portal in the smokers pit of the techno cathedral, but he had something else he wanted to do first, no he had something else he needed to do. Roland tore off his red Hawaiian shirt and discarded it into the road. He had lost his virginity so that was one rite of passage into manhood but he had another rite of passage into true manhood that he had yet to achieve. It was time to conquer taller mountains and this was the perfect night to do it. All his instincts were giving him the green light for the mission he had in mind. His skeletal phantom friends still formed a ring around him but other than that his hallucinations had calmed down and he felt clarity in this moment. The predatory mindset of a hawk and the killer instincts of a wolf had returned to him with a vengeance. Roland shirtless and with his testosterone raging through his body gripped the heavy duty submachine gun in his right hand and marched down the street with laser focus concentration on his destination. Continuing his march down the street he was foaming at the mouth with a chemically fueled black rage, he was ready to commit a mass culling and kill as many queers as he could. The

time was right for some degenerate sodomites to die he decided. A couple of women noticed Roland and his gun and they shrieked. Ignoring the frightened women Roland entered into the gay bar with his gun at his side. Four gay men that were dressed in feminine pastel clothing were chatting in their catty and lisping fashion and having mixed drinks at the bar. Some of the queers had long pony tails and were wearing eye shadow and lip gloss. The blonde female bartender who was cleaning a glass looked up at Roland with a pleasant smile, her blue eyes twinkling with delight until she noticed the weapon in his hand. Her eyes grew large in shock and her mouth opened into a circle of silent horror. Roland raised his submachine gun and aimed at the line of homosexuals at the bar, he depressed the trigger with his middle finger and then the gun began to make a continuous angry bark as it recoiled in his hand from the blasts. The dim bar was lit up with the muzzle flashes of the weapon as the gay men were sprayed in the chest with bullets and three of them collapsed to the sticky floor, pulling down a few barstools as they fell. The only queer left standing was holding his wounded and bleeding hand up towards Roland in a weak and pathetic attempt at self-defense. Roland pulled the trigger of his death dealing weapon again and decimated the gay man’s hand into nothing but shredded gristle and splinters of bone. Roland then fired at the queer’s boyish face and with four rapid bullets blasted a handful of shattered teeth out of the back of his smoking skull. The gay mans disfigured corpse collapsed next to his profligate friends. One of the gravely wounded homosexuals who was barely

clinging to life was trying to crawl to safety. Roland put a few bullets in the injured survivors back until he had stopped breathing and was immobile. The blonde female bartender was shivering and hiding behind an ice machine as she whimpered in fear. Roland slowly walked over to the ice machine making sure the footfalls of his boots were extra heavy and ominous sounding. Once his terrorizing shadow covered her like a bad omen he decided he had something important to ask her.

“Hey lady, are there anymore faggots to kill around here?”

She shook her head sporadically twice.

“You better not be lying to me bitch?” Roland warned the cowering woman, “If I find out you are lying to me I’ll fucking kill you whore!”

Roland pulled the scared woman to her feet and rudely pushed her in front of him.

“March bitch I’m not taking my eyes off of you!” Roland said angrily.

Roland with his hostage in sight looked around the bar and found the dance floor to be empty. Next he checked the men’s restroom but he was disappointed to find it was vacant as well. Using his hostage to open the doors Roland went into the women’s restroom and in one of the stalls was hiding a muscular gay man wearing a thong and high heels. The bearded queer was covered in silver glitter. Grimacing in disgust Roland spit in his face before point-blank blasting him in the head with a wave of bullets. The porcelain toilet behind the queer was sprayed in brain matter and a large portion of his skull was launched out falling into the urine filled toilet bowl

and leaving a cranial hollow in his ruined head. Finished with his fifth homosexual kill Roland turned around to direct his rage at his lying hostage. He placed his gun right between her pretty eyes and pulled the trigger but he heard a disappointing click, damn his gun was empty. He began to hear the nearby sounds of the screams of pedestrians and the distant sounds of police sirens. Roland put the empty submachine gun into the hands of the young woman and then ran his hand gently through her blonde hair.

“Promise you will never forget me sweetheart” Roland said chuckling.

Now it was a mad dash to the finish line. Instead of a high octane vehicular high speed chase with law enforcement, he had a superior form of transportation and escape, all he needed was three knocks on the sigil portal and he would be a most wanted felon that would never be found. He was done with this mortal coil and this mundane realm. He had higher dreams for himself like marriage to his fairy child bride.

Chapter 7: The Ceremony of Recalling

Roland was once again transported to Darkat’s Ring, the acausal realm of hypnagogic hyper-reality. This numinous domain had undergone a sad dissolution and a morose involution it seemed. The enchanted garden was now a bleak cemetery of dead monarchs. A large expanse of beds of wilted roses and flowers, all the former magic of the levitating colony was now drained and decayed into a lifeless ashen gray. The arcane estate manor and its corresponding desolate garden looked barren of life and totally bereft of a living soul. Roland feared he would be stranded here, totally alone on this

floating graveyard in the middle of a vast and cold infinite space. The three ghostly crescent moons had disappeared from the galactic sky and were nowhere to be seen. Instead the entire ceiling of the cosmos was frozen like a frosted lake during the dead of winter. The thick glacier dome dominated most of the celestial heavens except for a large rent in the middle of the ice where a reddish violet energy spilled through like the bleeding watercolors of an abstract or surrealist painting. The rent in the skyward glacial dome looked like a type of wound inflicted by some titanic astral axe. Roland looked into the distance and saw the titanic orange planet that the colony he inhabited was currently orbiting. In the middle of the planet a vortex of darkness was expanding and swirling. This was a radically altered environment to the nostalgic sanctuary of his memory and he found himself mourning the loss of the fallen paradise. Just as hid mood began to sour into despondency a fairy made of stardust appeared fluttering in his field of vision. His spirits rose and his sunken heart rejoiced at the sight of this joyful apparition before him. All hope was not lost; it was his fay child lover, Eve. She shape-shifted into a child, she was wearing a silken white robe and holding some type of cake and she was offering it to him for consumption.

“What is this?” Roland asked curiously.

“We are having a celebration in the honor of the spring equinox and it is one of our traditions to eat one of these cakes, I made it myself, I promise it is very good eat it, you won’t be sorry” She told him.

Roland quickly devoured the tasty cake that tasted like fish and honey.

“You are right, the cake was delicious thank you” Roland said.

Eve with an innocent and joyful smile on her face gleefully took Roland by the hand and began to lead him towards the spired castle in the distance. When they reached the armed demonic guardian gnomes Roland was able to look closely at their black tunics and noticed they were all adorned with what looked like a red devils trident and below the trident were the numbers 333. Roland pondered the significance of those numbers and quickly realized it was half of the number of the beast in book of revelations in the bible, the number of the beast being 666. Also, Roland knew that after the war in heaven where Lucifer lead his rogue angels in rebellion against God in an attempt to usurp and claim his divine throne that God cast Lucifer and his revolting angels out of heaven. One third or %33 of the angels were cast out of heaven after their attack was defeated and their seizure of power failed. Roland also knew that Christ was crucified on Golgotha when he was thirty three years old. Also, to the best of his knowledge in the secret society known as Freemasonry the 33rd degree was the highest level of advancement. Roland wondered if there was further or deeper occult significance to the number that he was overlooking or ignorant of. Eve whispered gently some type of magical incantation and the sinister sentinels parted with the sound of inhuman groans and rumbling stones. Eve led Roland to an empty courtyard behind the medieval keep. She removed his boots and then removed his pants and underwear, pointing to an extravagant marble basin.

“Wash yourself please daddy, we must be purified for the coming ceremony” Eve said.

Rolland immediately took her command and followed her orders by using his cupped hands to splash himself in the face and chest with the cool water from the basin and he then rubbed his armpits, legs and arms down with his wet hands. Eve pleased with the efficacy and speed of his bath took a small glass bottle oil out of her white silken robe and using a few fingers she anointed Roland’s forehead with a few drops of oil. Eve without a warning disappeared out of sight for a few brief moments and then returned with a white robe that she handed to him. Roland donned the robe on his damp flesh before collecting the bottles of adrenochrome in is pants.

She took Roland by the hand again and began to lead him inside of the ominous and mysterious castle. On each side of the entrance into the keep stood two titanic statues of the infamous imperial King Leopold II of Belgium. At the foot of both of the imposing and towering monuments were two wicker baskets full of severed negro hands. The stench of rotting flesh emanating from the morbid collections below him assaulted Roland’s nostrils. Roland looked up at the bearded aristocratic tyrant and architect of the hidden holocaust. Eve lead Roland into a regal throne room that was cavernous in appearance. A large and glamorous chandelier hung from the ceiling and its dim lights did little to illuminate the throne room that was consumed by a murky darkness. Sitting on an elevated iron throne was some type of boneless gelatinous creature that appeared to be melting into a

sickening flesh colored puddle. The only thing about the being that looked remotely human was its neck and head, although the ghastly neck and head looked more akin to that of a necrotic revenant than that of a human man. The dissolving revenant was eerily eyeing Roland as it chomped its rotten teeth together again and again, the grinding of the teeth made for an abrasive and nightmarish melody, an assault on the ears. A fire raged further back in the throne room of the castle. From the ceiling was hung a great blue banner that was adorned in the middle with a single simplistic silver Nordic rune. Roland spotted an altar draped in black cloth near the fireplace behind the throne. On the surface of the altar were five silver chalices filled with wine. Fenrir the black German shepherd sat next to the throne like a loyal canine guard to the revenant and eyed both Roland and Eve with its haunting silver mirrored eyes. The stone floor of the keep was decorated in lines of red candles that were aflame and strong incense that was burning. Out of the murky shadows stepped Arcturus whose head was covered in the dark hood of a black ceremonial robe. Arcturus was wearing a red masquerade mask that depicted the mythological Egyptian visage of an Anubis.

“Do you have the ten bottles of adrenochrome for us comrade?” Arcturus asked.

“Yes” Roland responded simply handing the bottles of illegal red elixir to Arcturus.

Arcturus took the ten bottles of adrenochrome to the throne of the keep.

“Sir it is time to drink your medicine now, you will most definitely be feeling better soon, you will grow much stronger and your illness will fade” Arcturus said with strange compassion to the revenant melting on the throne. Arcturus held open the rotten fiend’s gullet and poured all ten bottles of the adrenalized child blood down the monsters throat.

Arcturus quickly and efficiently tied a blindfold around Roland’s head, quickly robbing him of one of his senses and stealing his vision completely. Strong hands were placed on his shoulders and Roland was spun around rapidly until he had completed ten dizzying revolutions. While Roland struggled to maintain his balance in his fog of confusion and nausea he could hear the two occultists and Eve began some type of pagan chant. He could hear their rapid footfalls as they danced widdershins around him in a counter-clockwise fashion. The sinister melody echoed throughout the murky darkness of the keep.

Dies irae, dies illa

Solvet Saeclum in Favilla

Teste Satan cum sibylla

Quantos tremor est Futurus

Quando Vindex est venturus

Cuncta stricte discussurus

Dies irae, dies illa

Roland felt like he was the target and the punch line of a cruel joke at this point. Roland was abruptly pushed forward a couple of feet until he assumed

he was standing right in front of the cursed throne and in close proximity to the hideous gelatinous monster. The boneless monster smelled of rigor mortis and death. He was mortified when he felt the cadaverous, dried and decayed lips of the revenant as the undead thing planted an unholy kiss on his forehead. Followed were the sweet and affectionate lips of Eve and then the rough and masculine lips of the two occultists were planted on his forehead. After the strange barrage of kisses his blindfold was ripped off and his first vision once his sight was restored was a disrobed and completely naked Eve on her knees reaching for his manhood. She took hold of his flaccid penis in her could youthful hands and began to suck it. Roland was shocked at this carnal and erotic turn of events and he also felt self-conscious being engaged in a sexual act in front of such an unorthodox crowd of misfits and freaks. Hell, he could get performance anxiety and stage fright in front of anyone he worried. To his pleasant surprise his worries soon melted into nothing as he just gave into his passion and lust and enjoyed the fantastic blowjob of the little girl. She looked up at him making intense eye contact while she sucked his cock. Suddenly she ceased her sinful labors upon his phallus and rose up from her knees to face Arcturus who had taken off his masquerade mask. Arcturus bowed toward the little girl before falling to his knees in front of her. The occultist then recited a strange and numinous poem to the fay girl.

It is the protection and milk of your breasts that I seek

I put my kisses at your feet

And kneel before you

Who crushes your enemies and who washes

In a basin full of their blood

I lift up my eyes to gaze

Upon your beauty of body

You who are the daughter

And a gate to our Dark Gods

I lift up my voice

To stand before you my sister

And offer my body so that

My mages seed may feed

Your virgin flesh

Eve looked down lovingly at the kneeling Arcturus who seemed to act now as her submissive servant, she made intense eye contact with the Noctulian. She matched his romantic and morbid poem with a mystical hymn of her own which went as follows.

Kiss me and I shall make you

As an eagle to its prey

Touch me and I shall make you

As a strong sword that severs

And stains my earth with blood

Taste me and I shall make you

As a seed of corn which grows

Towards the sun and never dies

Plough me and plant me with your seed

And I shall make you as a gate

That opens to our Gods

Eve bent over slightly and before she was even finished with her movement Arcturus used both of his large masculine hands to grab hold of the child's buttocks and then began suckling at her bare pink nipples like some type of beast drinking from its mothers tit. Roland felt strong pangs of jealousy and made a move to take a step towards the scene of his dismay and discontent but the other brawny occultist held him in place, forcing him to watch his object of desire be violated by another man. Soon the lithe Eve was on her back with her legs spread wide and Arcturus was thrusting into her with brute force. Eve enthusiastically wrapped her legs around the muscular Noctulian's back and made childlike and cherubic sounds of ecstasy as he penetrated her deeply. Roland now far past the initial stages of mere jealousy seethed with rage, but there was seemingly nothing he could do in response to his impotent anger. Eve slapped one of her small hands against the stone floor of the castle and her green eyes rolled up into the back of her head in bliss while Arcturus groaned in an animalistic fashion like a satisfied behemoth as he shot his plentiful seed inside of the girl. Eve stood up fawning and giggling from the act of intense fornication, her nude lithe body slick with the sweat of her barbarous recent lover. She stuck her tongue out at Roland like she was celebrating her betrayal and cruelly mocking him,

between her pale damp legs he could see a few rivulets of semen escaping from her tight pink little slit.

Eve changed direction abruptly before disappearing by skipping off into the murky darkness of the keep. Roland began to follow her but the re-masked and robed Arcturus stood in his way. When Roland made a move to defy him Arcturus savagely punched him in the throat. While Roland was coughing and spluttering from the unexpected painful blow Arcturus pulled out a ritual dagger with an obsidian hilt and a wickedly sharpened blade. Arcturus grabbed Roland by his tender bruised throat and brutally carved a rune into his chest with the blade, during this mutilation Roland attempted to escape from the occultists grasp but his efforts were in vain. Roland looked down at his bloody injury and realized his wound was shaped exactly like the simplistic Nordic rune that adorned the great blue banner in the keep. Roland in much pain and bleeding profusely from the deep wound on his chest was now in fight or flight mode with his adrenaline pumping and he tried desperately to run towards the entrance in hope of an escape from his masked tormentor but Arcturus swiftly kicked him in the stomach and then locked Roland into a powerful stranglehold. There was no way he was going to survive in a fight against this satanic super soldier freak of nature. Roland was afraid for his life, was this some type of insane hazing ritual they were putting me through or did they plan to kill me tonight? Roland desperately pondered the answer to this question while he struggled to breathe in the strangling vise of Arcturus’s headlock. The naked eve walked back into the

throne room holding a quartz crystal tetrahedron that was supercharged with preternatural energy. She chanted and vibrated power into the sacred tetrahedron by repeating the magical phrase Binan Ath Ga Wath Am. Arcturus still choking Roland with brute force dragged his hostage victim in front of the keep's fireplace and then brought him to his knees in front of the altar. Fenrir began to bark harshly and rabidly as if he was on a wild hunt in the forest and had just spotted his prey. The naked Eve was standing beside Roland with her quartz tetrahedron glowing. The crypt thing on the throne began laughing and its guttural dead laughter echoed hauntingly throughout the throne room of the castle. Roland now mentally broken from this hellish onslaught of complete madness dared to ask a question that tormented him since he entered this nightmarish castle of horrors.

"What the hell is that fucking thing on the throne anyway?" Roland screeched in torment.

"You mean you don't recognize him" Arcturus said, "That is pretty cold hearted of you I must say, you're not a very good friend Roland"

"What the hell do you mean?" asked Roland.

"It is Magus Vasaggo our great commander of course", Arcturus said, "He is 945 years old, he needs to vampirize the drencrom to stay alive you see, we can only go down to Gehenna so many times before it starts to have a dangerous deterioration effect on our astral shields that is quite irreversible, that is why we sent you down there as our underworld errand boy, well at least one of the reasons"

“You see my dear friend”, Arcturus continued his speech, “Down in the subterranean sewer you passed through the archway of Baal and you were cleansed in its unholy black flames, a type of harsh alchemical change that makes you capable of committing acts of real world evil, see here the truth is I’m proud of you Roland, in an incredibly short period of time you have transfigured and transmuted yourself from a pathetic perverted dreamer into a carnal hunter and a baneful lion who boldly takes what he desires without fear of the consequences”

Before Roland could respond the nameless and silent militant occultist who Roland had never heard speak before swiftly marched up behind Roland and without warning planted his combat boot in the back of the kneeling man’s head launching him directly into the blazing fireplace of the shadowy keep. Roland could feel the searing hot coals of the fireplace burning warping and blistering his face and while the strands of hair on his balding head were set aflame he could hear the baneful occultists roaring with black-hearted sardonic laughter at his pitiful ruination. Roland with his survival instinct on overload rolled out of the scorching fireplace and continued rolling around frantically to extinguish the flames that stuck to him until he lay still as an immobile mass of tortured flesh, smoke rising from his seared body. Arcturus lifted Roland to his feet and Eve placing the tetrahedron down onto the altar got down on her knees and began to suck his penis again. Roland with his body destroyed and in total agony found it impossible to take pleasure in this. He muttered a tortured and desperate plea to his child lover, a prayer of

hope for salvation to his unfaithful fay princess.

“Eve they are killing me, you have to help me darling please!”

He heard awful laughter from below him so he looked down to find Eve was no longer a beautiful and innocent young girl but instead she was an ancient toothless hag with a balding head and deeply wrinkled and deformed face. The prehistoric witch whose ugly naked body was covered in blackened tumors used her toothless and rotten mouth to suck on Roland’s flaccid penis. Roland revolted and repulsed by this malefic shape-shifter began to kick wildly to try to gain his freedom but Arcturus held his right arm from behind and his satanic comrade held his left arm from behind, locking him in place. With all his sanity drained from him by these atrocities and his dreams of supernatural sanctuary and marriage to his child bride crushed he was now ready for the sweet embrace of death. Or maybe he had already died and gone to hell and he was being punished for his sins, it was definitely possible. Dragging him like a ragdoll in a counter-clockwise circle around the altar the two occultists and the old hag began to chant a familiar sinister melody. Once they stopped their motions and chanting Arcturus picked up a silver chalice and approached the throne of the keep, pouring the alcoholic elixir down the revenants decayed throat. Arcturus returned to the altar and handed out the remaining silver chalices to everyone else. Everyone drained their chalices of wine including Roland who was happy to ingest anything that might act as a pain reliever to his many heinous afflictions. Marvelously and miraculously after drinking the wine of the chalice Roland was seized in

the paralyzing grip of a transcendent religious experience, a terrible theophany. There stood before him a timeless Dark Goddess who was surrounded in undulating acausal waves that defied all logic and scientific law in their behavior and level of dimension they seemed to possess. The Dark Goddess had the lower body of a giant mermaid; she had the upper body of a human female but with nine large breasts and long raven black hair that trailed on the castle floor. One half of her face was flawless and pristine like that of a gorgeous medieval maiden, the other half of her face was covered with a chipped porcelain mask like that of a Victorian doll. Through the eyehole of the porcelain mask there was a hollow cavern and from that unspeakable portal dripped gore and viscera. Roland’s brain and emotions could not figure out whether he was profoundly erotically attracted to this ineffable deity or whether he was absolutely terrified of her. His heart was pounding rapidly and painfully inside his chest while he had a raging erection. The enigmatic entity now held a mighty sword which possessed three crimson spectral blades, she thrust the blades into Roland’s chest and then he felt a limit experience that went beyond opposites, pain and pleasure indivisible. The Dark Goddess removed the spectral blades from his chest slowly and then she blessed him with a motherly spell, a charmed loving smile that was the definition of nurturing. As the deity disappeared into nothingness Roland felt spiritually comforted for a moment before his human pain and mortal suffering rushed back into his terrorized consciousness like an iron maiden. The strong hands of the masked Arcturus

were once again placed on Roland’s shoulders and he was forced to his knees once more, this time for the last time.

“How do you feel opfer knowing that tonight is the night you die?” Arcturus asked ominously.

“I feel scared” Roland answered honestly, “I am afraid of the unknown”

“What is it that scares you about the unknown exactly?” Arcturus asked.

“I fear the idea of the eternal soul might be true so in that case I fear eternal hellfire as punishment for my mortal sins, if the eternal soul thing isn’t true I fear infinite non-existence” Roland said.

“Well, we will all have to take that leap of faith at some point, even master Vasaggo, so Roland my friend are you ready to cross the abyss?”.

“No” Roland said.

“Go join our Dark Mother Darkat comrade, she is waiting for you” said Arcturus.

Roland felt the vicious sharpened steel rip through his flesh and slash through his jugular and then he fell face forward in a pool of his own crimson blood. Arcturus collected much of the spilt blood of the sacrifice in an empty silver chalice. While Roland was in his quivering death throes the last thing he saw before he gave up the ghost was a naked and innocent Eve back in her pretty little nymph form. She was on her hands and knees staining her pale flawless flesh in his blood and smiling at him with her enchanting eyes twinkling. She waved goodbye to him.

The Lurker on the Threshold

The Haunting at the Edge of your Minds

In the Land of the Dark Immortals

He Drank the Acausal Milk from his Mother’s Nine Breasts

The Galaxies were now his to Rape

The Earth his to Molest